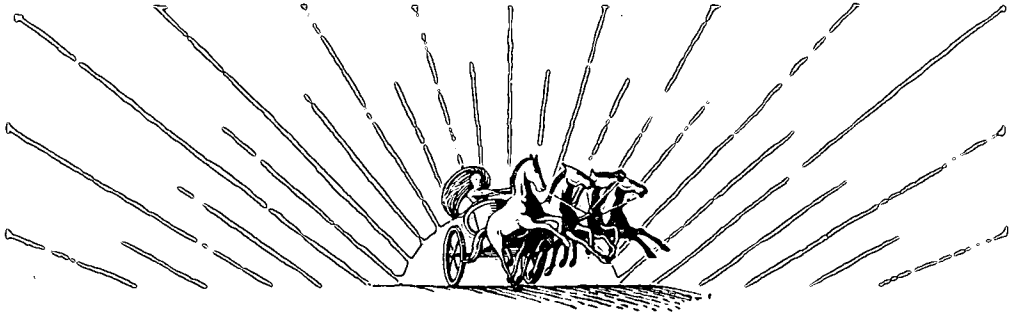


THE LIVING AGE

[MONTHLY NUMBER]

Contents for July 3, 1926

AROUND THE WORLD IN JUNE		1
SYRIA'S MALAISE The Pro and Con of Arab Independence	*Roger Labonne*	9
IMPRESSIONS OF ANGORA New Wine and Old Bottles	*F. de Garando*	16
'QUESMAT' Islam's Philosophy of Life	*Leopold Weiss*	20
IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF SAN FRANCISCO SAVERIO An Italian World Pilgrim in Goa	*Luciano Magrini*	23
PYGMALION TO GALATEA. A Poem	*Robert Graves*	27
AN INQUIRER IN ITALY A Nation's Business Manager in Action	*Charles Bonnefon*	29
MOVEMENTS OF CAPITAL Popular Fallacies in Economics	*Professor Gustav Cassel*	34
FLYING FOR AN ALTITUDE RECORD How It Feels to Be Five Miles High	*Arthur Martens*	38
THE LAUGH IN THE DESERT An Unsentimental Tale from Chile	*Pedro Prado*	41
VIRGINIA WOOLF Impressions of an Impressionist	*Dudley Carew*	47
'THE MOST MISERABLE OF MEN' A Story of Unsuccessful Love	*Desmond MacCarthy*	55
AN HOUR WITH ANDRÉ MAUROIS The Author of 'Ariel' Chez Lui	*Frédéric Lefevre*	61
MADRID AND ITS LIFE TO-DAY Modern Spain at Close Range	*Charles Petrie*	65
LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS		72
THE BOOK OF THE MONTH		76

15¢ A COPY — *The Living Age Company, Boston* — $5 A YEAR

PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT LAW
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUILD THE NATION SECURELY WITH

INDIANA LIMESTONE

The NATION'S BUILDING STONE

Build Your Bungalow of Natural Stone

We discourage cleaning Indiana Limestone buildings, since the venerable antique effect produced by weathering is conceded to be one of the great charms of natural stone. However, anyone determined to clean a stone building may obtain complete information on methods that will not destroy the surface of the stone, by writing to the Indiana Limestone Quarrymen's Association, Service Bureau, Bedford, Indiana.

NO MORE charming bungalows are built today than those of Indiana Limestone, the beautiful *natural* stone quarried in the hills of southern Indiana. From the standpoint of economy, Indiana Limestone has no equal, for it is the lowest in price of all building stones, and has practically life everlasting. A home faced with rough-sawed Indiana Limestone will cost only 5% or 6% more than one faced with brick.

From the standpoint of beauty, this natural stone has no peer. It does not lose its soft color-tones, nor will it crumble and decay with age, for it has the peculiar quality of hardening on exposure to the air. Its use assures a home distinguished for its beauty and as solid and substantial as the hills from which the stone is quarried.

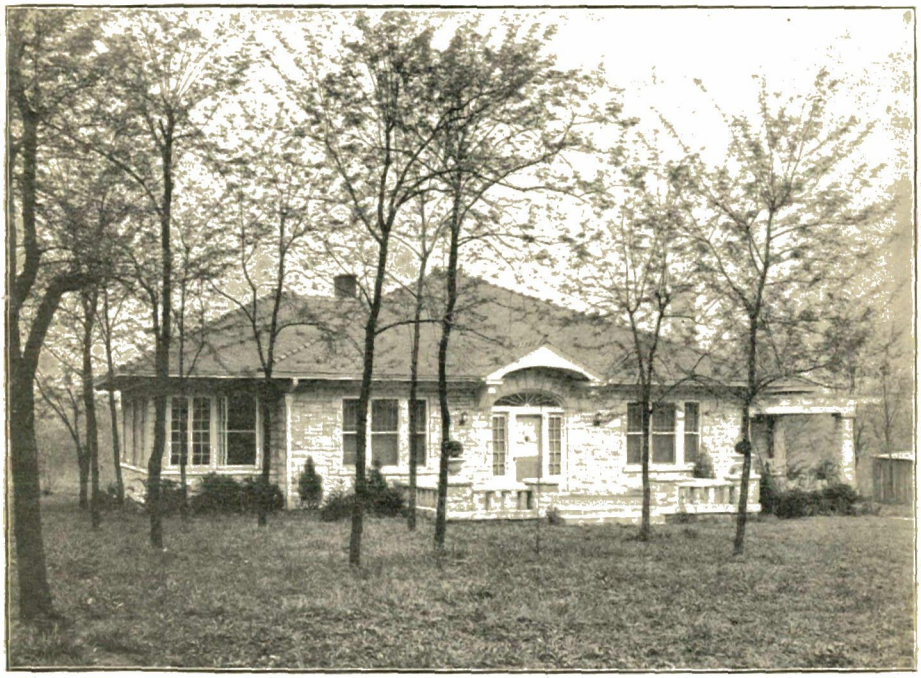
A folder containing floor plans and descriptions of five Indiana Limestone bungalows, including the one illustrated, will be sent free, upon request

Indiana Limestone Quarrymen's Association

Box 797, Bedford, Indiana

Service Bureaus in New York and Chicago

Design No. 403 — Bungalow of eight rooms and bath, with both open and covered porches. Faced with a veneer of Indiana Limestone having rough rock finish.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Spring's Most Notable Importation from Overseas"

JULY, 1926 BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

FOR two or three weeks now, I've promised to tell you about that wholly amazing new novel by a new writer, Sylvia Thompson's **The Hounds of Spring**. Like "The Constant Nymph" last spring, this deservedly best-selling story of the spring season comes from England. And likewise it is about England and the English. But likewise it is so universally human that it is finding an audience in this country as large if not larger than the one it has been enjoying at home.

Somehow, I'm at a loss to tell you just why **The Hounds of Spring** is the spring's most notable importation from overseas, if not the season's finest novel from anywhere. Every time I try to put it in words, I'm driven back to this vague reason: It's so human. With the same vivid human touches that H. G. Wells used in the early pages of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," but in much shorter space and with consequently even more telling effect, Miss Thompson recreates for you a snatch of English life before the war. Instead of becoming sentimental and evangelistic about the war when it breaks, though, as Wells did, she holds her ground, keeps her human perspective, sums up the years of war as unerringly as she did those of the peace that preceded, and then plunges on with the same sure instinct to the troubled days of peace that have followed.

For some, I suppose, the chief interest in **The Hounds of Spring** will be to see what decision a proper young lady makes when she is confronted by a living lover who was reported killed in action after she had gone off and married someone she didn't really love. I admit that is an intriguing question and Miss Thompson solves it logically and in conformity with the characters as she has drawn them. For me, though, **The Hounds of Spring** stands or falls—and you will gather from what I have said that it stands and stands securely—by the character of Wendy, the younger sister of the lady who has the choice to make. Wendy was Miss Thompson's own age—eleven—when the war broke. And it is through Wendy's unassuming but downright human eyes that the author permits you to see England and the world as she has seen it herself.

However, **The Hounds of Spring** is a notable achievement—for a writer of any age and experience and especially as an author's first book—buy it and read it forthwith. It is the best two dollars' worth of book paper that I know.

By ***OLIVER M. SAYLER,*** author of "Inside the Moscow Art Theatre," "Our American Theater," "The Russian Theatre," etc., in Footlight and Lamplight, broadcast from WGBS, New York.

"Of the 'first' novels of the season, the best that I have read is 'The Hounds of Spring' by Sylvia Thompson. Many a veteran would be glad to have written it." — ***WILLIAM LYON PHELPS*** *in Scribner's.*

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP **8 Arlington Street** **BOSTON**

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed find $2.10 (10c for postage). Send THE HOUNDS OF SPRING to

Name .....

Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMONG OUR AUTHORS

SYRIA and North Africa are two spheres in which France has played an important and often a brilliant rôle since the war. Her interest in the Near East, her contact all along the line with Moslem civilization, have given men like **Roger Labonne** splendid opportunities. Long an expert on the Near East, the author of 'Syria's Malaise' contributes regularly to *Le Correspondant*, and occasionally to other French reviews. **F. de Garando** fulfills a similar function for the Swiss press, being a regular staff correspondent of the *Journal de Genève*.

More in the Keyserling vein are the writings of **Leopold Weiss,** who has spent the last two years in the Near East writing a book on its religious and cultural aspects on the spot. His writings and his name are already familiar to many of our readers, as this is not the first time his work has appeared in our columns. **Luciano Magrini** has wandered even further afield, having just returned from a long trip in the Orient. His is the type of article that can still appear even in the censored press of Italy.

Exhibitioner at St. John's College, Oxford, **Robert Graves** is the author of several books of verse, and of a disquisition on English poetry which has been compared with Sir Philip Sidney's and Shelley's famous treatment of the same subject. He is just over thirty, and contributes to many of the leading British periodicals.

Unlike some other foreign journalists, **Charles Bonnefon,** of the *Écho de Paris*, is rather favorably disposed toward Mussolini. This attitude is shared, more or less grudgingly, by a considerable body of French opinion, which looks somewhat enviously at the results produced by Fascist discipline and wishes that something, not necessarily similar in method, could be done to reorganize France on a more efficient basis. ¶Professor of Political Economy at the University of Stockholm, **Gustav Cassel** is the author of *The World's Monetary Problems*, published in this country in English translation by E. P. Dutton and Company. Part of this book was prepared under the auspices of the League of Nations. Lloyd George has publicly declared Cassel to be one of the most brilliant economists now alive. ¶The German aeronaut **Arthur Martens** presents his own credentials — he is a stunt flyer and a technical expert as well.

Pedro Prado is a member of the younger South American school of realistic fiction.

Virginia Woolf has become the rally cry of those English critics whose modern stomachs are still a little too delicate to digest James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence *in toto*. Young **Mr. Dudley Carew** is of this persuasion, and the *London Mercury*, under the editorship of J. C. Squire, devotes much of its space to the less outlandish contemporary ideas. ¶Having attended Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, **Desmond MacCarthy** is now dramatic critic on the *New Statesman*, and frequently contributes fiction to the *Empire Review*. He has written a book on the stage, edited the *Memoirs of Lady John Russell*, and translated Jules Romains's *Mort de Quelqu'un* from the French.

Few Parisian literary men are more prolific than **Frédéric Lefèvre,** editor of *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*. Nearly every week he has a long interview with some celebrity, of from two to four thousand words. Last spring his book of conversations with Paul Valéry, the new Academician, enjoyed a wide sale, and Maurois is being lined up for the fall.

Like many other Englishmen, **Charles Petrie** seems to prefer the Continent to his own home, and to know more about it than the natives themselves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 330 — *JULY 3, 1926* — NO. 4278

AROUND THE WORLD IN JUNE

WHAT do we mean by normal in speaking of a country or a continent — by well-worn allusions to 'getting back to normal'? Does not post-war normality mean coup d'états, cabinet overturns, currency crises, civil wars, persecution of national minorities, religious wrangling, and the economic and political evils that follow in their wake? Certainly we cannot return to the high-tension 'normality' that prevailed before the war. The looking-backward optimist will get us nowhere.

So it behooves us, if we are to be hopeful at all, to keep our eyes fixed on ways of escape from the normal of either to-day or yesterday, and on the things that presage a reconstruction of the world along new lines, rather than on efforts to fit its broken pieces back into their old frame. The most conspicuous centre of such activity to-day seems to be Geneva — although Mussolini would doubtless say Rome, and Trotskii Moscow; and some of our own patriots may imagine that the light of redemption shines brightest along the Potomac. But just now it is the day of little — or at least of inconspicuous and unsensational — things at Geneva. Certainly the average man does not think of the meeting of the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament, the deliberations over the reorganization of the League Council, and the International Labor Conference as epochal and world-compelling. Nevertheless, they have been making history in a modest way.

English-speaking America was chiefly interested in the work of the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament, while Spanish America was preoccupied with the reorganization of the League Council. We have previously mentioned the opposing theses that foredoomed to failure an attempt to agree at Geneva upon practical steps toward disarmament similar to those taken at Washington. The relative war strength of nations can no longer be measured in terms of battleships, guns, and other instruments of homicide. This has always been true in a measure, but it took the late war to impress the lesson upon the popular mind, and it is a truth strikingly illustrated to-day by Germany's influence

Copyright 1926, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Europe, despite her formal military impotence.

Therefore France, supported by the logic of fact, has secured the recognition of her principle of potential military strength, including natural resources as well as specific instrumentalities of war, rather against the wishes of Great Britain, the United States, and Germany, who would have liked to see the consideration of technical disarmament precede these more theoretical discussions. Nevertheless, Count Bernstorff, the German delegate, was probably right in arguing that in practice the first thing for the great nations to do is to lay aside their weapons, and to talk of the incommensurables of military power later. France also secured the endorsement of her demand that a guaranty of the League's instantaneous intervention in case of a threatened war should precede disarmament, thus reviving by indirection the principle of the Geneva Protocol defeated two years ago. Skeptics say, therefore, and with some reason, that no perceptible progress was made toward disarmament at Geneva. Nevertheless, the proceedings of the Commission opened a debate that will doubtless continue until something actual is accomplished.

While the reorganization of the League Council will not be definitely decided until September, when the Assembly can act upon the question, it seems practically certain that the present division into Great Powers with permanent seats, and minor Powers with nonpermanent seats, will continue; that the number of permanent seats will not be changed, thus shutting out Spain, Brazil, Poland, and other aspirants for that honor; and that the number of nonpermanent seats will be increased, with some provision for their occupation in rotation by the minor Powers, in order to discourage the practice of giving certain Governments an easement upon them. Brazil's resignation from the Council and announced intention to resign from the League will not be much of a tragedy for that body, inasmuch as she has not won the support of Latin America for her contentions. Spain's withdrawal will be more than compensated by Germany's accession. Argentina signed the League Covenant in 1919, but her Congress never ratified that signature as is required by her own Constitution. Nevertheless, she sent delegates to the first Assembly, which she immediately withdrew because her demand for a revision of the Covenant was rejected. The respective attitudes of Brazil and Argentina toward the League are of considerable interest to us, for they typify fundamental movements of public opinion in Latin America. Brazil's disposition has been to emphasize distinctions of status among the Powers. Her claim to a permanent seat is a claim to recognition as a Great Power. Argentina, on the other hand, insists that all nations, like all men in our Declaration of Independence, are free and equal, and that they cannot be divided into categories endowed respectively with greater and lesser rights. For that reason she repudiates the League's Covenant, which classifies Powers as great and small, and which gives an aristocracy of Great Powers privileges not enjoyed by their minor associates.

The International Labor Conference, which opened at Geneva early in June, where an imposing new edifice has just been erected for its bureaus, devoted itself mainly to consideration of two problems: the ratification of the Eight-Hour-Day Convention, and the scientific organization of production. It will be recalled that the Labor Ministers of the leading Continental countries met in London some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time ago and agreed upon a formula for eight-hour-day laws to be adopted by their respective legislatures. Bills to this effect have already been introduced in some parliaments, and will probably be before those of all the signatory Powers at an early date. The scientific organization of production is a pretty big subject, but its inclusion in the Labor Conference agenda is hopeful, as suggesting that the idea behind trade-union restrictions of output is being replaced by a recognition that increased efficiency and increased production contribute most to the welfare of the workers.

Naturally the flash of optimism that Great Britain felt at the ending of the general strike has been somewhat clouded by the continuance of the coal lockout, which not only throws a heavy direct financial burden upon the nation at a time when it is already laboring under economic stress, but threatens to force the curtailment of important industries like iron and steel making and the engineering trades. At present writing no remedy, either temporary or permanent, has been found for the coal difficulty, which is a disease aggravated by neglect. Details as to working conditions in some British collieries have come to light that help to explain the miners' obstinate stand for a seven-hour day. Principal A. P. Laurie of Heriot-Watt College in Edinburgh, for example, describes in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* some English collieries 'where you can walk forty miles underground without once turning back.' In such workings 'it is not uncommon now for a miner to walk two or three, or even four, miles from the bottom of the shaft to the coal face.' Since the utmost speed with which even an experienced miner can make his way through these underground galleries is two or three miles an hour, a man sometimes spends nine hours underground in order to get seven hours' actual working time. Twenty years ago, before the passages were as long as they are at present, a Government commission estimated the average time lost by a worker in traveling to and from his work inside a mine at sixty minutes. The professor goes on to say: 'Many of us during the recent strike had to walk three or four miles to our work; but imagine, instead of a good road, fresh air, and a sunny day, we had to walk in darkness, except for the dim gleam of the safety lamp, through mud and slush, or, what is worse, with clouds of coal dust rising at every step, and with the temperature of the air at about seventy or eighty degrees, and in addition, in many pits, having to climb along a steep incline either going or coming. I was discussing this question the other day with a mining engineer who had served his time in one of our Scottish pits. At the end of his day's work at the coal face he had fifty minutes' steady climbing up a steep grade to reach the bottom of the shaft.' The solution would naturally be to do what some up-to-date companies have already done — that is, provide truck transportation for the men along the coal runways from the foot of the shaft to the coal face, so that they could reach their work in a few minutes and avoid beginning their day's labor already fatigued.

Lord Oxford and Lloyd George have fought several rounds in the Liberal ring without either of them getting a decision from the umpire. There are some signs that the Conservatives view the discomfiture of their old rivals with less satisfaction than does the Labor Party. One element of strength in the older political organizations has been a certain prestige of dignity and tradition — an aura of good form dear to the heart of the British elector. If either Party sacrifices this, it detracts a little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the standing of the other. Nevertheless, the debate between the two Liberal leaders has not descended to unseemly wrangling, and it has been a grand opportunity to reaffirm Liberal doctrine in all its shadings. Such few straws as are floating on the current indicate a political swing toward Labor since the strike. The Conservative London *Outlook*, in commenting on the North Hammersmith by-election, in which Labor captured a seat that had been held by a Conservative, observed: 'The luck of the electoral system gave the Government a larger number of seats in 1924 than the actual voting entitled it to. . . . But this unfair advantage at a general election means, and is bound to mean, that the Party in power is normally at an unfair disadvantage in a by-election.' However this may be, Labor is politically optimistic in Great Britain just at present.

Little of general interest is happening in Ireland, where the Government plods along with its everyday tasks and is chiefly occupied with economic problems. Sinn Fein has been rent asunder, even more thoroughly than the Liberal Party in England, by the split between Miss McSwiney, its new president, and Mr. de Valera, who has now started a rival organization, Fianna Fail. Ireland, like the United States, has a large body of discontented farmers, and apparently a Secretary Mellon also in its Minister for Lands and Agriculture, who recently told the rural electors without mincing words that the conflict with England and the civil strife which followed had demoralized the country districts, and that agricultural prosperity could be restored only by organization and hard work, and not by protection and government subsidies.

Factional dispersion and planlessness characterize parliamentary governments of so many countries at present that it is almost impossible to discover anything of general interest in their political happenings. The Dutch, the Swiss, and the Scandinavians pursue the even tenor of their way, although Sweden has recently set up a new ministry under a prohibitionist premier. Perhaps the most significant generalization that one can make of this group of countries is that Labor, which has an important voice in their public policies, is less interested in Marxian dogmas and doctrinaire theories than before or immediately after the World War, and is growing more like-minded with its British comrades as time goes on.

France is in the midst of another cabinet crisis as these lines are written, with reasonable certainty that portfolios will continue to change hands with monotonous regularity, while the country tediously toils through its post-war convalescence. M. Briand seems to be the best qualified, by temperament, character, and experience, of any man France possesses to navigate the cranky ship of State through the tortuous channels in which it is entrapped. Both France and Belgium are inclined to entrust their affairs to technical cabinets, which are virtually boards of alleged administrative experts, thus confessing the incapacity of their divided political Parties to unite on a constructive programme. The situation is not so very different in Germany, where Chancellor Marx heads what the local press characterizes as a stop-gap ministry of a rather colorless political complexion. The plebiscite upon the royal-property question has resulted, as predicted, in the defeat of expropriation; but it has probably left a popular grievance behind it.

Things seem to be settling down in Poland with Pilsudski securely on top. The Marshal did not accept the Presidency, where he might have been more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decorative than powerful, but preferred to be head of the army, which is now the Tammany Hall of the young republic. Meanwhile, Posen Conservatives, whose leaders are pre-war politicians trained in the old Prussian Parliament, are sulking in their tents and polishing their armor for new battles. Moscow seems to have thought the moment propitious to extend the hand of fellowship to the Balkan States, with whom she has proposed more intimate relations. These alarmed little Governments, however, are said to have excused themselves, probably fearing that their big neighbor's overtures might have a deglutitory purpose.

The North African Coast has not relapsed into the dullness that might have been anticipated when Abd-el-Krim ceased to decorate its sky-line. In the first place, Spain is piqued because that doughty warrior surrendered to the French, who will probably treat him considerately out of tactful regard for his numerous coreligionists and sympathizers in her Moslem possessions. Such chivalry will be remunerative; and the French have never been as vindictive toward fallen foes whom they no longer fear as have the Spaniards. Señor Yanguas, Primo's Foreign Minister, has come out in favor of equal status for all the members of the League Council, which is substantially the position of Argentina, already described.

Prospect of a general Morocco settlement brings the Tangier question again to the fore. Italy — it is alleged, with British backing — is interesting herself anew in the status of that city. Mussolini has hedged somewhat of late on his warlike demonstrations by declaring in the Senate that Italy's imperialism is neither aggressive nor explosive, and insisting that his Government 'follows, and cannot but follow, a policy of peace.' We have every reason to suppose that such a policy accords with Mussolini's larger designs. It also may help the standing of the lira, whose recent tumble has caused the Government some concern. Commenting upon this, *Journal des Débats* does not altogether agree even with Mussolini's alleged pacifist imperialism. 'He asserts in effect that he will not make war to get what he wants, but that he expects the Powers to give him what he desires. But that does not follow. The Kingdom of Italy was created at a time when there was plenty of free space in the world. If it has not acquired territories outside of Europe since 1860 that satisfy its present ambitions, it is because it has not made a sufficient sacrifice. It is true that the nation was engaged for a long time in consolidating and organizing itself at home; yet it was never put to such a test as was France in 1870. In spite of her disaster and losses in Europe, France toiled unremittingly and perseveringly to extend her colonies . . . while Crispi tried and failed. Discouraged after her Abyssinian defeat, Italy gave up the effort. Is it right for her now to claim territories that bolder and more persevering Governments have conquered and organized at great cost? Neither is the demographic argument of the Fascisti valid. If Italian laborers have migrated in great numbers and contributed by their industry to the prosperity of other countries, they were well paid for labor that their fatherland could not give them.'

While it would not be precisely accurate to say that all is quiet along the Danube, nothing internationally alarming has happened in that quarter during the last few weeks. In fact, domestic scandals have entirely absorbed public attention. Late in April Nicholas Pašič, Yugoslavia's venerable and perennial Premier, quit office following a new quarrel with Stefan Radič, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Croat peasant leader, after a few months' miraculous reconciliation with that versatile and unstable gentleman. Pašič was succeeded by a like-minded politician, Nicholas Uzunovich, who tried to rule without the coöperation of the Croats. But Radič brought up in Parliament vast financial scandals of which Nicholas Pašič's son, Radomir, is the centre. That enterprising young gentleman is alleged to have received a rake-off on every important Government contract. He is also charged with having made a bargain through the wife of a leading Czechoslovak industrialist whereby, in return for a 'loan' of five million Czech crowns, he became a representative of Czech industrial and mercantile interests in his country, with the express stipulation that he was to act under the patronage of his father. But so many hands have been tarred in these dealings that they will probably be hushed up, although they may cause new political combinations that will eventually eliminate the personal coteries of both Pašič and Radič.

We have recently referred to the sentences passed upon the Hungarian franc forgers. Another counterfeiting conspiracy in Bulgaria, though without the political implications of the one at Budapest, has also been broken up and the offenders have been sentenced to heavy terms of imprisonment. Rumania has gone through the motions of a general election under what was virtually martial law, described by one outspoken German correspondent as 'a concentric military movement against the electorate.' Consequently the victory of General Averescu's Government was a foregone conclusion. In fact, balloting is a mere convention in Rumania, as it is to-day in some other European countries, and as it has been at times in parts of the United States.

After Zaghlul Pasha and his Wafd Party swept the country for the third time at the May elections in Egypt — which were the first held under the universal-suffrage law — there was an interval of ticklish negotiation. The British Government stood out obstinately against allowing Zaghlul, in spite of his huge majority, to take office. A compromise was finally reached under which one of his lieutenants becomes Premier, but moral authority will of course remain in the hands of the successful independence leader. Almost simultaneously a Caliphate Congress called by the Ulemas of El Azhar University met in Cairo to settle several important questions for the Islamic world. This gathering was not looked upon with special favor by the Egyptian authorities, partly because it was suspected of favoring King Fuad, who is supposed to be under English influence, for Caliph. The Congress did nothing of the kind, however, but adjourned without electing a Caliph or taking other decisive action. A second Mohammedan World Conference has presumably just concluded its sessions at Mekka. This was summoned by Ibn Saud, the Wahabite Sultan, who is now in possession of the holy places, and who probably commands higher respect among his fellow believers than any other leader. He shares with Mustapha Kemal the prestige of an independent ruler, and enjoys additional merit as a religious zealot. In fact, the principal obstacle to making Ibn Saud himself Caliph is the fact that his puritan sect, which prohibits tobacco as well as alcohol, requires the utmost asceticism of its members, and rejects all additions to the Moslem cult of later date than Mohammed himself, ranks among the factions of Islam as ultra-protestant.

Great Britain and Turkey have signed a Mosul agreement, which is said to have caused much dissatisfaction in the latter country. Almost

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

simultaneously the restless Kurds, who revolted last year, again started on the warpath, requiring several Turkish regiments to suppress them. While the Mosul controversy was pending, Great Britain showed many favors to the Kurds in the Mosul district, such as introducing their language in the schools and the courts, and appointing them to offices formerly held by Turks.

The Swaraj movement in India is suffering from factional wrangles, and mob fighting between Hindus and Mohammedans has distracted popular attention somewhat from grievances against the British raj. The latter has taken steps to abolish gradually the traffic in opium, and to find new sources of revenue to replace the Government's receipts from that drug. Rumors are current of serious public scandals in Indo-China.

June has not been a dramatic month, in the larger sense, for the Far East. A regrouping of forces appears to be taking place in China, with the possibility that new leaders will appear in the near future. Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu are reported to be planning a conference, which will probably have been held by the time these lines are in print. It will mark the first personal meeting of the rival-and-allied military leaders. A new source of friction with the Western Powers has arisen at Tientsin, where the Chinese military authorities are reported to have seized the salt revenues, which are pledged to foreign bondholders, and to have ejected the regular officials of the Salt Administration. The Japanese Government celebrated the eve of the disarmament discussions at Geneva by bringing in a naval bill providing unexpectedly heavy appropriations for new construction. Naturally this programme is confined to subsidiary craft and does not violate the terms of the Washington Agreement; nevertheless, it is meeting sharp criticism in the press. *Miyako* said the proposal had two secret objects beside its professed purpose of maintaining the Japanese navy at its present strength. One of these unexpressed objects was to get the subsidiary fleet as strongly reenforced as possible, so as to face any future Disarmament Conference with a *fait accompli*, and the other to keep the shipyards permanently employed.

Late in May alarming rumors were heard from Central America to the effect that all five of the republics were likely to be involved in revolutionary disturbances having their focus in Nicaragua, where a Conservative leader has recently seized the Government by force. Guatemala was placed virtually under martial law, the principal Opposition dailies were suspended, and constitutional guaranties ceased to be operative. That republic, like Mexico, is involved in a controversy with the Roman Catholic Church. A decree published on May 31 prohibits the entry into the territory of the Republic of any members 'of the Order of Jesuit Fathers or of any other kind of congregation, or order, or Catholic religious body,' and forbids priests of the Catholic religion belonging to another nationality to carry on their ministry in the Republic except with the special permission of the Government, under penalty of deportation. Sisters of charity and their chaplains are excepted from the provisions of the decree. Indeed, Guatemala's political course has not infrequently been charted with that of her northern neighbor in view. The *Diario de Centro-America*, which is the mouthpiece of the present Administration, in commenting upon the suspension of constitutional guaranties in Guatemala late in May, quoted President Calles's assertion that the political independence of Latin America, won a century ago, must be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reënforced by economic independence in order to be effective.

Apparently our effort to arbitrate the Tacna-Arica controversy has failed. Our Government has thereby lost some prestige, and Chile has incurred a moral responsibility that will unquestionably burden her heavily in the future. No question exists as to the facts. A plebiscite was called for by a preëxisting treaty between Chile and Peru, which was merely reaffirmed by the President of the United States as arbiter. Chile made a plebiscite impossible by refusing to suppress violence in the disputed provinces, which remained under her jurisdiction, so that a fair vote could be taken. She nevertheless insisted that the plebiscite be held under these impossible conditions, and withdrew from the negotiations when that was not granted her.

TACNA—ARICA

SWEATING INK
—*Caras y Caretas*, Buenos Aires

THE DISARMAMENT CONGRESS

IT 'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO . . .
—*Notenkraker*, Amsterdam

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SYRIA'S MALAISE[1]

BY ROGER LABONNE

[SPACE considerations have made it necessary to summarize portions of this article.]

IT was early in 1920 at Constantinople. The representatives of the Syrian colony had been given an appointment in one of the ancient palaces that still border the road to Pera. One entered through a modest gate and found himself in a narrow courtyard, where a few spindly and bedraggled palm trees dozed between the black walls. Crossing this, he passed down a musty corridor, whose mouldy floor creaked beneath his feet, and then groped his way up a tortuous staircase that took him into a reception room as dark as the rest of the building. After this unpromising introduction, he came to a door—which opened, and behold! With one of those magic contrasts in which the East delights, he stepped out of the ugliness and darkness into a fairyland of light and beauty. The apartment was a vast reception room whose broad windows opened upon the Bosporus and Stamboul. Through them the radiant panorama of the Golden Horn — white cupolas, pointed minarets, amethystine waters, and silver sky — was reflected from tall pier glasses, against which the sun cast here and there a scintillating ray.

In the midst of all this beauty the Syrian delegates were peaceably discussing their affairs. A sharp-eyed little chairman presided gracefully and courteously, with the simplicity of an old pasha smiling away his declining years in Oriental calm. He had accumulated in trade a large property which guaranteed him the respectful esteem of all who knew him, especially since he was a most accommodating person and his charity was inexhaustible. The other delegates did not exhibit the same serenity beneath the placid masks that the presence of Europeans rendered necessary. They were clearly neither as tolerant nor as philosophical as their chairman. The younger men in particular let words escape them now and then that betrayed intense feeling and violent partisanship.

But these little outbursts left the meeting cold. The members had agreed to avoid burning questions, and so they confined themselves to discussing the needs of the Syrian colony in Constantinople — its free dispensary, its House of Refuge, and its commercial relations with Beirut. Perfect courtesy prevailed among the diverse and discordant elements in the assembly. Mohammedans formed a compact group, but in their midst I descried the big Persian bonnet of the Syrian Bishop and the black toques of the Maronite and Chaldean prelates. Three Israelites were seeking to ingratiate themselves with the chief of the Orthodox community, an old patriarch who resembled one of those personages that you see on the bas-reliefs of Nineveh. And close to a young deacon who had the golden hair of a Byzantine Christ a pious mullah with turbaned head sat ab-

[1] From *Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic semimonthly), *May 25*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sorbed in an ecstatic vision as sweet as that of Selsabil in the Garden of Allah.

The main business of the session was over. The meeting had adopted a short memorandum which the chairman had read in a diffident voice, and was about to break up, when a Melchite asked for the floor. He was a huge Semite, spare and angular, with falcon nose and eyes as black as the pitch of Judea — a perfect example of the nomadic cadi still to be found on the borders of the desert south of Hauran. He spoke with the ease, the force, the warmth, that make these Easterners the most eloquent of orators and the most persuasive of apostles. At his first words an anxious silence settled over the gathering, for, disregarding the agenda of the meeting, he deliberately chose to talk politics: —

They talk to us of our country. They want to help us build highways, bridges, canals, schools, and hospitals, to develop production, to increase wealth, to lift the standard of living of our people. But up to this time what have they done to satisfy our aspirations, for the cause to which we have sworn allegiance, for the object of our faith? And when I see the emotion that swells your bosoms, my beloved fellow countrymen, I know that you understand what I mean, and I know that you too have made this vow, either publicly or in the secrecy of your hearts. Yes, we Syrians still dream of the glorious race that conquered the world in the Middle Ages and added to the glory of its arms the still loftier glory of a high civilization. It was this Arab torch, which illumined the darkness of the Middle Ages, that we would light again to-day by recovering the independence of our beloved country, and by vindicating the right of nations so often invoked during the World War. And it remains for me, a Melchite, a Greek Catholic, to declare aloud here what we all are thinking in our hearts.

When he finished his peroration the orator wore the expression of ecstasy that you see on the faces of dervishes chanting the name of Allah in the mosques. At the end of his address, which was interrupted by repeated applause, he received an ovation. Every man rose to his feet — even the chairman, who brushed a tear from his eyes; even the mullah, who had forgotten his dream. That fervor which so easily seizes Oriental crowds took complete possession of the Assembly; it was the state of exaltation that they once called Islam, and that they now call nationalism. The contrast between the calm that had prevailed before the speech and the agitation it provoked was as great as that between the dark and shabby entrance of the building and the radiant room where we sat.

This scene comes back to me whenever we encounter a new crisis in the Levant. In that reception room at Pera were Syrians representing all the clans, sects, and religions of their complicated country. Yet what impressed me most was the unanimity of the sentiment to which the Melchite appealed. These men, who were living abroad, who were rich, influential, and independent, who had no offices to lose, no voters to flatter, and no officials to placate, frankly declared what they wanted, without the insincere apologetics under which the Oriental often conceals his true sentiments from a European; and their demand was Arab independence.

This demand, which we are so eager to overlook, lies at the bottom of all our present difficulties. Ordinarily we avoid mentioning it. Our complex and paradoxical age dislikes blunt and simple statements. We like to dodge unpleasant issues instead of facing them. Arab independence is one of those disagreeable problems which we have tried to solve by a policy of silence. But it still exists. It already has a history — a history that goes back nearly a century.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We may have forgotten that history, but Asia has not. . . .

Pan-Arabism is a chimera, you say. The Syrians are never satisfied. They can't agree even among themselves. Hopelessly split up into clans and sects, they can never form a stable Government. Fickle, turbulent, vain, selfish, loquacious, effeminate, unscrupulous, greedy, — afflicted, in a word, with all the vices of the Levantine, — they are hopeless material on which to found a State.

To this some might reply that the Arabs can get together, since they are united to-day against the foreigner. And, indeed, these criticisms overlook a paradoxical aspect of the Semetic soul. In this land of miracles a man may be simultaneously miserly and lavish, selfish and generous, skeptical and credulous, sentimental and practical. Its people are keen critics, and yet they abandon themselves to the most foolish visions. But they have faith — that ardent Semite faith that periodically sets fire to the world. Such was the faith of Islam when, although its Caliphs were conspiring and assassinating each other at Mekka, Damascus, Bagdad, and Cairo, its invading generals were carrying fire and sword to the very heart of Christian France, and its scholars and scientists were spreading the light of learning from the mosque of El Azhar.

In fact, the Levantines closely resemble their cousins-german the Israelites. They have the same manners, the same subtle and insinuating intelligence, the same aptitude for business, the same love of risks, the same passion for speculation. In a foreign land they lay aside their quarrels, and their clannishness assists them to success. In Egypt, the United States, and India they often amass large fortunes, living on nothing, making no connections except of a mercantile character, detached from all the world about them, buried in their business, having but one god — gold, and one passion — gain. Grown rich, the exile's heart turns back to the humble hut where he was born, and with a stroke of a pen he bestows upon his native village a hospital, a museum, a stadium, an armory. He subventions political committees, patriotic parties, propaganda journals. His patriotism and his love of his native soil are a religion.

An Arab State! A Franco-British invention; for one or the other of these Powers has for years speculated on that idea for political ends. In 1838, when Ibrahim Pasha, commanding the army of the Khedive, defeated the Turks in three brilliant battles and threatened Constantinople, the enthusiasm was almost as great at Paris as at Damascus and Beirut. Indeed, Egypt's victories were due largely to the fact that her army had been drilled by a French colonel and his assistants. The campaign was looked upon as a sort of Napoleonic adventure, as an uprising of a great nation to conquer its independence. But on this occasion England put in her veto, and, despite the turbulent protests of France, Lord Napier's squadron bombarded the Syrian ports, and the Khedive's ambitious dreams burst like a soap bubble. Again, under Napoleon III the same vision of an Arab State in the Levant, basking in the friendly smile of France, hovered before the eyes of the Emperor. But the situation at home discouraged far-flung adventures, and the seed of this project lay dormant until 1879, when the spirit of revolt against their Turkish masters again stirred the Arab world. But shrewd Abdul-Hamid played off the discordant races of his Asiatic dominions against each other and bribed the principal Arab leaders with high honors at Constantinople.

Nevertheless, the spirit of insurgence

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was not stilled, and in 1910, two years after the Young Turks seized power, revolt again was in the air. The Ottoman Government lost some of its best troops in expeditions against Yemen and the Hejaz; and when hostilities broke out in the Balkans, it recognized the independence of the rebel emirs. But this was too late, for the agitation had spread from the remoter confines of the Peninsula to the whole Arab race. Its committees at Paris, New York, and Cairo started an active propaganda for independence. The Druses exterminated six of Turkey's best battalions in the Hauran; the Chammars attacked the garrisons along the Euphrates; Irak was in ebullition. It was necessary to withdraw all Arab officers from the Turkish army. We were on the eve of a general insurrection of the Semite world against Constantinople when the World War intervened.

There is good reason to believe that the Allies might have precipitated this revolt and have prevented Turkey from joining the Central Powers; but for reasons of their own they hesitated. Great Britain was the first to act, and proceeded to dazzle the Arab leaders with a plan for a great confederation of their race having its centre at Mekka and its subordinate capitals at Damascus, Bagdad, and Jerusalem — all under the protecting ægis of the Empire. Thus were sown the seeds of discord between London and Paris that have borne much fruit since the Armistice: the fighting in Cilicia, the revolt in Irak, the Angora Agreement, the Greek debacle, the Treaty of Lausanne, the Mosul controversy, and the Druse revolt.

Encouraged throughout the war to believe that an Allied victory assured their independence, the Arabs sealed their faith in Britain's promises with their blood on many battlefields. Insurrection was in the air from Alexandretta to the Persian Gulf. Old enmities were forgotten in the enthusiasm for the common cause. And when Turkish resistance crumbled in the autumn of 1918, the whole Arab world expected to see the green, white, and black banner raised at once over Damascus and Bagdad.

But the publication of the Sykes-Picot Accord, which had been kept secret until then, suddenly dissipated these hopes. The Arabs expected the renaissance of a vast empire. They were faced by a Franco-British treaty dividing their country into five parcels: a blue zone, including Cilicia and the Syrian coast, assigned to France; a red zone, including the Lower Euphrates, assigned to England; a brown or Zionist zone, embracing Palestine; and zones A and B, — Central Syria and Upper Mesopotamia, — each semi-independent under the protection respectively of France and England.

Immediately there was furious protest, and the London Foreign Office found itself greatly embarrassed by its contradictory promises. Meanwhile its commanders in the field, faithful to the tradition of Lord Clive, acted on the theory that the Empire was to have and to hold whatever territories its soldiers trod. Sharp-eyed business men mounted vigilant guard over the pyrites deposits of Arghana-Maden and the petroleum fields of Persia, Mosul, and Baku. In order to exploit this wealth, the British army set about building great highways, and its engineers prepared plans for irrigating the plains of Babylon, as the great dams on the Upper Nile now irrigate those of Egypt and the Sudan. The pickings were so rich that even the stranger was invited to Britain's table. A fragment of Anatolia was thrown to Greece, another to France, another to Kurdistan, another to Rumania, and another to an ancient people that had lived for-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gotten for three thousand years around the ruins of Nineveh, the Assyro-Chaldeans. Only the Arab was forgotten.

But the latter clamored and would not be denied, and a vast amount of territorial dickering went on in the hope of affording them some satisfaction. At one time it was proposed that France should give them Syria in exchange for Anatolia, which it was still fondly imagined would remain at the passive disposal of the victorious Westerners. But one scheme after another proved impracticable. The fire spread beneath the surface but it did not burst into flame. The insurgent spirits feared to measure strength with the victors in the World War, and dazzled, like all Orientals, by whatever glitters, they secretly admired their prowess. Soon, however, Britain's conquering armies were demobilized, rumors of Anglo-French dissension got about, and in 1920 all Eastern Asia sprang to arms. The Turks attacked the Armenians in the Caucasus, the Greeks in Smyrna, the English at Ismid, and the French at Marash. The Kurds rose at Rowanduz; the Persians were afire along the shores of the Caspian; the Egyptians began to agitate on the banks of the Nile; and the Arabs started hostilities in the valley of the Euphrates.

Finally, on the eighth of March, the leaders put their cards upon the table at Damascus. Amid the wild cheering of the people massed in the Municipal Square, Emir Feisal was proclaimed King of Syria, and his brother, Abdullah, King of Mesopotamia; and in a perfervid proclamation they declared to the world: 'The Arab nation has contributed largely to the common victory in the East. Nevertheless, although the war ended fifteen months ago, our nation still groans in servitude. That is why, our patience at length exhausted, we have taken matters into our own hands. We declare the complete independence of our country. We are determined to employ every means to emancipate ourselves from a foreign yoke, and to assure the triumph of our ideals.'

This development was even less pleasing to London than to Paris, and representatives of the two Governments speedily got together at San Remo, and later at Spa, to devise measures to check the movement. Meanwhile the Damascus Government grew more aggressive. It hastily organized an army, attacked our outposts, placed an embargo against our occupied zone, boycotted our money, cut our railway lines, distributed seditious tracts among the people, and finally persuaded seven members of the Lebanon Council to desert us.

Open hostilities resulted. By the end of July our troops had captured Damascus, and the following autumn the British forces, who had been fighting desperately in Mesopotamia, subdued the insurgents there. But both Paris and London were weary of the struggle. The British made overtures to the Arabs, the French to the Turks. Feisal visited London and was received by King George at Buckingham Palace, and a year after he had been driven from Damascus by the French he was set upon the throne of Bagdad by the British. Since that day, however, there has been no peace in the Arab world, a new ruler has seized Mekka, Syria has revolted, and sullen discontent is universal.

This is, in all too scanty outline, the background of the Eastern situation to-day. Europe is faced by a nationalist movement throughout the Arab world which, though it may be suppressed for a time at one point, is sure to break out at another, and is a source of constant intrigue and rebellion. A Syro-Pales-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tine Committee is conducting a pamphlet campaign with such arguments as these: —

'We have repeatedly called the attention of the West to our rights and our war aims. We fought in the World War to win our independence, and not to exchange one yoke for another. Read any of the numerous speeches, appeals, and proclamations which the Allies addressed to us during hostilities, and you will find them filled with the most alluring promises and professions. But who remembers our services to the common cause to-day? Nevertheless, the failure of the Holy War proclaimed by the Caliph of the Mussulmans, the perfect calm that reigned in your Mohammedan colonies, — so different from their turbulence to-day, — the defeat of the Turkish attack on the Suez Canal, and the final disaster to the Ottoman army, you owe in no small degree to our aid. But now that we are no longer fighting for you, see what is occurring in Morocco to Abd-el-Krim, in Algeria to Emir Khaled, in Tunis to Sheik Taalibe, in Egypt to Zaghlul Pasha, and in Syria to Sultan Atrache.

'You ask us to specify our wants? You have made our land a mandate against our will (recall the Crane Mission in 1919). You have placed us on the same footing as Togo, Kamerun, and the Hottentots, while Turkey, who fought you, is free and independent. Visit Anatolia, Smyrna, Erzerum, Angora. You will find them shabby, dilapidated towns, whose people, though brave, honest, and industrious, are primitive. Then visit Libya. See our sunny villages, our stone mansions, our civilized citizens. Compare Angora, the capital of Turkey, with Damascus, the Arab capital. Then tell us which of the two countries most needs a mandate. In the old days we sent our deputies to the Ottoman Parliament; our leaders were cabinet ministers, generals, and high functionaries of the Constantinople Government. And to-day what are we? We have not a particle of authority in our own land. Legislative and judicial power is in your hands. Liberty of the press is abolished. The right of meeting is suspended. . . . Your own depreciated currency has ruined our money. Our export trade is languishing, unemployment is everywhere, and our people are forced to migrate to other lands.

'What do we wish? Two things. First of all a revision of the mandate, and political union with other lands inhabited by our own people. We demand a Parliament elected by universal suffrage, the right to be represented abroad by our own diplomats, the limitation of mandatory powers to purely administrative and economic supervision. We demand the right of Syria, Lebanon, and Palestine to form a single Government, as the first step toward reunion with Irak and the reconstruction of our common fatherland.'

To this our officials reply that these are the fulminations of deposed feudal chiefs, ancient effendis, ex-officeholders of the old Government, political adventurers subsidized by revolutionary committees in Egypt, Transjordania, and Palestine, and Utopians ready to risk the people's welfare for their own impracticable visions. Any of these agitators, we are told, will sell himself to the French for money or for office. The average native is said to care nothing for political rights and to wish only to be left in peace, and, when he has any voice in the matter, to choose invariably a Frenchman to manage his affairs in preference to one of his own race.

Our officials admit that there are a few true patriots among these scalawags and visionaries, but he will tell

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you that these exceptions are blind to the difficulties of governing a divided, heterogeneous, and turbulent nation; that they are captivated by half-baked theories picked up at European universities, and know nothing of the routine of government. They also argue in their defense that they have converted a ruined land, formerly a prey of famines, epidemics, and brigandage, into a rich, prosperous, and well-governed country, that they have promoted trade, agriculture, and manufactures, collected the taxes honestly, repaired the roads ruined by the war and built new ones, constructed waterworks and bridges, improved the ports, reforested the mountains, irrigated the arid plains, and drained malarial swamps. They point out that they have planted cotton fields, encouraged sericulture, and contributed in many other ways to the country's prosperity.

Both parties exaggerate, but both have an element of truth on their side. The agitators for independence completely overlook the benefits their country has received from Western administration. They disregard the fact that France has spent four billion francs developing their country, and that it cost her ten thousand lives to take it from the Turks. But we must not expect gratitude for such services. Constructing public works, suppressing abuses, establishing impartial justice, enforcing law and order, encouraging public schools, and elevating the standard of living, will never win the love of a dependent people. Napoleon discovered that in Germany, Italy, and Spain; Great Britain has learned the same lesson in Egypt; France has been taught this truth a second time in North Africa.

Let us therefore take stock of the situation. The lands across the sea to which we send garrisons and governors are not always a source of profit to us. Old theories of colonization are no longer valid. The power of a State is not measured by its territorial extent. Moral and economic factors contribute far more to a nation's strength than formerly. The most profitable expansion is in the direction of enlarged markets for manufactures, new fields of investment, opportunities to spread our culture, our language. A land that gives us these things without the labor and the expense of governing it is more profitable than a colony under our own flag.

Before the war France had three billion francs invested in the old Turkish Empire — in the Ottoman Bank, the tobacco monopoly, transportation enterprises, harbor works, and other public and quasi-public undertakings. Our mercantile colony there was rich, influential, and prosperous. Our schools were thriving. We controlled the silk filatures of Brusa, the collieries of Eregli, and the mines of Balia. Our tongue was spoken on the wharves of every port of the Levant. And in return for all these things, we had no officials to pay, no garrisons to maintain, no revolts to suppress.

The situation was the same in Egypt. Since we withdrew from that country forty years ago, with so much bitterness and regret, our influence there has constantly increased. French is as currently spoken at Cairo and Alexandria as at Tunis and Algiers. Our theatre companies make prosperous tours there, our universities and schools are thronged. English, the language of the protector, is far less spoken than our own; and if English trade draws some advantage from political control, England pays liberally for this in costly garrisons and political embarrassments in that country. *Verbum sapienti sufficit.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPRESSIONS OF ANGORA[1]

BY F. DE GARANDO

DESPITE the alarmist rumors of prospective hostilities with Greece and Italy, I have heard no war talk in Angora. Quite the contrary: everyone there seems to be busy trying to bring some semblance of order out of the extraordinary mélange of ancient and ultramodern that Turkey represents to-day, and that her capital so aptly symbolizes.

Old Angora is built on a steep, narrow, long pedestal of basalt which rises abruptly in the centre of a little plain. Men have dwelt here since the dawn of human history. It was an important provincial town in the time of the Hittite empire. Later it became the capital of the Galatian kingdom. The Romans occupied it in the first century B.C. and under the Empire it became a great, beautiful metropolis, which Augustus loved and adorned and where he frequently resided. Under Byzantium and during the Arab and Mongol invasions it declined. Tamerlane sojourned in its citadel which is girt by a triple rampart of Roman stones, and Bajazid was imprisoned there. After the Turkish conquest it shrank again to a commonplace provincial town of about thirty thousand people, isolated in a sterile and unpopulated district. Now fortune has suddenly smiled again on the sleepy ancient city. More Turkish than any other town in Turkey, placed in the very heart of Anatolia, defended against invasion from the sea by rugged mountains and an inhospitable desert, it seems chosen by fate to be the capital of the new republic. This is not because Mustapha Kemal and his fellow reformers wish to turn their backs on Europe and to retire into Asia, as some erroneously conjecture, but because they wish the Western civilization that they intended to confer upon their country to spread from a purely Turkish focus, untainted by the degenerate and cosmopolitan atmosphere of Constantinople.

When we ascend to the ancient citadel, in whose subterranean passages Mubarek Bey, the learned Director of the National Museum, has found shirts of mail that undoubtedly belonged to the bodyguard of Tamerlane himself, we look down upon a hodgepodge of little gray houses, with adobe walls and roofs of unburned tile, that descend the slope in four parallel columns to the plain. There the gray flood stops like a descending torrent dashed back from a shore. A narrow band of white and red houses indicates New Angora. Seen from this point, the efforts of the innovators during the past five years seem to have accomplished little compared with what the past has left behind it. Closer inspection, however, gives us a juster idea of their labors. A broad, straight avenue nearly two miles long has been laid out, as a prolongation of the principal street of the old town, and ends at the railway station. Here and there on either side of its well-paved and well-lighted roadway stand several modern buildings of prepossessing appearance: the new Parliament House,

[1] From the *Journal de Genève* (Swiss Liberal-Democratic daily), *May* 13 to 17

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the old Parliament House, now converted into a political club and Parliamentary library, a large unfinished Government House, several Government offices, the Treasury, and others. On either side of this avenue are short streets lined with private houses, isolated or in groups. Some distance further out, upon the plain bordering the Djam Kaia road, is a large new suburb. Last of all, on the hill across the valley is Djam Kaia, a cluster of houses including Kemal Pasha's residence and the future Embassy quarter.

Much new construction is under way — a City Hall, an archives building, the law courts, several new schoolhouses, private residences, and handsome modern stores. The two diverging boulevards leading to the citadel are wide and well paved, and promise eventually to become handsome avenues.

Elsewhere the town is a perfect monument to passive immobility. Walking up either of the two boulevards I have just mentioned to the last new building in course of erection, the pavement stops and one steps into the Middle Ages. After crossing a burned district containing the ruins of houses destroyed by the last conflagration — little mud huts that look as if they had melted in the flames — one reaches a great rectangle surmounted by six low domes. From outside it looks as if it had sunk into the ground, so squat and sombre and ugly is its aspect. You enter, and, behold, a miracle! Conceive a huge hall supported by brick ogives and slender columns whose lightness and purity of line are unforgettable. Around the sides run two broad lateral, semicircular corridors divided into a series of little vaulted alcoves. This is the Grand Bazaar of Angora, built under Suleiman the Great by his gifted architect Sinan, the man who designed the two most beautiful things in Turkey, the Suleiman Mosque in Constantinople and the Great Mosque of Adrianople — a pearl among pearls.

The Republican Government proposes to restore the Grand Bazaar and to place the National Library in it. Just beyond is the citadel. A massive round tower guards its southern angle. At the foot of the tower a caravan is resting. Its reddish, tufted-humped camels stare at us superciliously, and tiny gray or brown asses stretch out voluptuously on the warm paving-stones. Around us is an incessant stream of people such as one finds in any Asiatic bazaar, with the noise, the cries, the specific odors, that characterize such places. A deep little gateway, a marble threshold, a beautiful marble fountain, and we are in the fortress proper.

A maze of tortuous streets with projecting houses of gray adobe and white wood greets us. Veiled women pass like shadows. Ruined walls here and there, the carved capital of a column lying in a corner, the cornice bracket of a portico, or a simple marble tablet surrounded by a delicate border, recall the Roman era. In fact, the whole town is built of the dust of the Roman Empire. Rome is everywhere. The Byzantines erected out of the fragments of her temples and her palaces the triple rampart, whose top the Turks later converted into a roadway by paving it with tiny flat bricks. In the citadel there is a low mosque whose walls consist of marvelous channeled Roman columns covered with gray adobe.

But one great monument of the past remains standing — the Augusteum, or Temple of Augustus, whose narrow, lofty, trapezoidal portico has resisted the ravages of time and the Byzantines. On its lateral walls Mommsen read a Latin inscription known as 'The Testament of Augustus,' of which a copy was later found by Sir William Ramsay near Antioch. The court of the Temple

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contains a fine collection of Turkish tombstones and of the Seljuki marble lions, with flattened muzzles and bristling manes, that are found everywhere in this part of the country.

New Angora! The irregular pulsations of a life just beginning! Lights, banners, and a multitude of automobiles with strident klaxons! The immense number of these vehicles that thread the two traversable highways of the modern city has surprised me more than anything else I have seen in New Turkey.

But turn the first corner and you are again in the unchanged Orient, with smoky Argand oil lamps, tiny booths filled with miscellaneous merchandise, innumerable little restaurants unctuous with the odor of mutton tallow, men taking the air seated on the pavement. Nevertheless this Orient, which Kemal Pasha and his colleagues are so busy Occidentalizing, — the Turks call it 'Westizing,' — already dresses, will he, nill he, as you and I do. Business suits and hats have replaced the old Turkish garb and the fez, just as the Swiss civil code and the Italian penal code have ousted Islam's old customary religious law. And if the women of Angora — those born here — still wear the *charchaf* in gray, black, or brown, and veil their faces, 'immigrants' from Stamboul or Smyrna go unveiled, and for the most part wear the short skirts, silk stockings, and patent-leather slippers of their European sisters. A revolution of manners, more difficult to bring about than any political or social revolution, is in progress, and I think already assured.

Angora has its own peculiar style of architecture, the distinguishing feature of which is a single-story façade with a double row of windows, the lower ones fairly high and the upper ones very small. This façade does not extend in a straight line along the street, but is jagged, each room projecting obliquely, which gives the front of the building an odd zigzag appearance. The effect is anything but monumental.

Public edifices are well adapted to the climate and to the needs of the new Government, although they are not of harmonious design. In default of a better term, I should say that they were built in bungalow style. Their façades present various motifs, both horizontal and vertical, but they all have flat roofs with heavy overhangs, which are often ornamented beneath with mouldings and painting upon the wood. Terraces and tall, wide, ogival windows capped with ornamentation in blue faïence complete the exterior. But what impresses you most is the modest size and simplicity of these structures. Here, where room and building stone are so abundant, it is certainly a merit to have resisted the temptation to build overgrown edifices of the American type. None of them is any larger than necessary, and all are strictly utilitarian. In fact, the former Parliament House had to be given up because it was too small, and a larger one erected, around which a Swiss gardener is now laying out a park. But the new building is no more luxurious than the old one, if we except two rooms reserved for the President of the Republic which are sumptuously furnished. You walk directly into it from the street, without passing through elaborate vestibules and antechambers. Its single street-entrance opens directly into a public hallway. No guards or sentries stand in front; everything is absolutely democratic.

Indeed, no useless expenditures have been incurred either at the capital or elsewhere in this ultra-practical republic. Angora has a handsome and spacious post office, but the only cinema in the place is hidden away in a narrow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

street of the old city. The single European café serves no drinks except Turkish coffee, tea, and a sort of carbonated beverage resembling very weak lemonade. The only places where you will find a menu in a foreign language are the Anatolia Club and the Angora Restaurant. These are also the only establishments that serve even beer. Ordinarily the visitor must content himself with the Turkish cuisine, pointing out what he wants to the waiter from the dishes he sees on the neighboring tables. The usual drink consists of curdled milk beaten up in water, and is quite refreshing. At the hotel — unfortunately the big one is not yet finished — you engage a bed and not a room. Some of the apartments contain as many as three beds, but they are clean, and you can leave your luggage unlocked all day long and feel certain that you will find it untouched when you return. The honesty of the Turk, which I have again put to the test for a couple of weeks or more, is not a myth.

Prices are high, — higher than at Vienna, — but supplies have to be brought from a distance, even meat and vegetables. The district around Angora produces nothing except the famous fat-tailed Anatolian sheep, which are not much of a delicacy for an Occidental palate. Along the banks of Tanners' Brook, a tiny stream that constitutes the only running water in Angora, I have seen the modest beginnings of a truck garden, but on a very small scale. It would be an excellent thing were the Government, which is combing Europe for specialists of every sort, to import a few of the wonderful Bulgarian gardeners who raise such excellent vegetables and fruits all over Eastern Europe, from Bucharest to Vienna — except in their own country.

Plans are being made to erect in Anatolia in the near future a theatre, a museum, a stadium, a national library, a university, a secondary school, and technical schools. At present the town is merely an administrative and political centre, and by no means an intellectual or artistic capital. Only time will tell whether these ambitious projects can be realized. If they ever are, the Kemalists can pride themselves on a feat which only the Roman Empire was able to perform before them — that of creating at their bidding, in one of the least promising sites in the world, in the centre of Asia Minor, in the midst of an impoverished and depopulated country, a mighty centre of Western civilization designed to radiate enlightenment and law over the whole territory of the Turks.

This work is only at its beginning, but it seems to be starting out prosperously, sanely, and consistently. It is clearly in the hands of practical men who tolerate no fanciful projects. One is constantly conscious of a single dominating will — that of the victor of Sackaria. Whenever my mind dwells on the singular and preponderant rôle that Mustapha Kemal Pasha plays in the present history of Asia Minor, I recall a phrase of Kipling: 'Like everything else in the world, it is the work of one man.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'QUESMAT' [1]

BY LEOPOLD WEISS

My journey is over. After two years in the East, I again feel the asphalt pavements of a European metropolis under my feet, and am conscious of a certain emptiness in my soul. Tramcars jangle, and automobiles thread their way dizzily through the crowds; men hop, skip, and jump across perilous street-crossings; huge department stores, built for the anonymous masses, vomit forth unceasing drayloads of every conceivable article that men use or misuse. Every person I pass seems preoccupied, hurried, worried, intent upon some pressing errand. Arc lamps flood the darkening streets with their glare, and factory sirens split the air with shrill shrieks.

As I stroll aimlessly through the hurrying crowd I crave the repose and unity of the lands I have so lately left between the Nile and the Hindu Kush — Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, Afghanistan. The people who dwell in them are not all alike. It is a far call from the Egyptian Arab to the Persian, or even from the North Persian peasants to the nomadic Baluchis under their black tents on the barren, sunny southern steppes of the Shah's realm. And the Baluchi is certainly very different from the Afghan. None the less, the moment we enter the world of these divergent peoples we realize that it is a different world from our own, obeying a different law which gives unity and harmony to its various populations.

Once when traveling from Shiraz to Kerman in Southern Persia, my horse stumbled and fell. I received no injury, but the accident started in my mind a peculiar train of thought. What would happen if I, a European traveler in this world, which is so like a simple song, without beginning and without end, had been stunned by my fall, and had lost all memory of my past, and later had recovered and gazed upon the exotic life about me like a newborn baby, with eyes unsullied by memories of Europe?

I found only an indirect answer to this question, namely, that the very train of thought itself betrayed a universal European longing — to be born again, to burn our bridges behind us; no — to forget there are bridges.

It is often said that the Oriental has no conception of time. He dreams, he is passive, he is a fatalist and leaves the conduct of his life to an imaginary power. The Occidental, on the other hand, has discovered time and tries to conquer it and to make it his servant. Or, to put it in other words, he tries to control, to accelerate, the passage of things through time.

Whatever we feel it necessary to conquer and control must be something hostile, dangerous, alien to ourselves. The Westerner says: 'I am isolated and begirt by the world's obstacles and dangers. I swim alone in the river of life; I abide by myself in the midst of nature and of society.' That is the Westerner's typical state of mind. He thinks of himself as something separate

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *March 5*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the universe that surrounds him. He has extricated himself from his environment; he has made himself a symbolical and extraordinarily complex creature, a decadent tyrant, a longing tyrant — longing in the bottom of his soul, without confessing it, to escape from his lonely aloofness and to become again an integral part of the universe around him.

I shall not try to explain the causes of this tragic development. It is enough merely to scan the picture of the present Western mind, its ever-conscious antithesis between the ego and the outer world, and its constant fear of life, or, what is fundamentally the same, its fear of death. The Western man lives in a narrow circle of preconceptions. He looks upon the world as something hostile, something to be mastered and overcome. He must 'fight his own way' through life; otherwise life will master him and make him its helpless slave.

Thus the Occidental withdraws himself from the Eros, and denies the universal law of love. He alienates himself from other beings. 'The starry heavens above me and the moral law within me' have become meaningless to him. He obeys another law, the law of safety first. He is preoccupied constantly with his security — security against some ever-impending blow of fate; and he fallaciously identifies this with the instinct of self-preservation.

This distrustful attitude toward the world explains the spiritual discomfort universal among us. We lack faith. Modern civilization is therefore fundamentally defensive. Its greatest achievements, wherein the Occidental manifests his will to become the overlord of Nature, merely hide behind a brilliant façade this ever-present fear. Conqueror and conquered, capitalist and proletarian, oppressor and oppressed — they are rôles that only madmen would assign to human beings, in order to keep them from realizing the spiritual conflict that constitutes their malady. On all of them rests like a nightmare the effort to escape their destiny.

Travelers, when they enter the East from the West, discover that an almost unfathomable gulf separates their conception of life from that of the people to whom they have come. What creates this gulf? We have hitherto had no precise answer. That is not because European observers have been superficial, or have viewed the problem unsympathetically, but because they almost invariably vitiate their conclusions by their point of view. We have been accustomed to look upon the Orient as strange and peculiar, and Europe as normal. We read the history of the world as wholly the history of the West, with that of the non-European nations as a mere footnote. We imagine that the fulcrum of Archimedes is entirely in the Occident. The man of the East — I am speaking only of the man of Eastern and Central Asia, with whom alone I have had opportunity to become intimately acquainted — is ordinarily characterized in the West as passive and fatalistic. We know how Mohammedan warriors despise the danger of death. We know that this is not due to contempt for life, but to a faith that fate has predetermined the destiny of every being, and that the will and the acts of the individual cannot change its decrees. But in fact no intellectual concept of the East is so utterly misunderstood by our own people as the Islamic idea of predestination. Europe laughs superciliously at it, without attempting to learn its symbolic content.

The Arab word *quesmat*, which Europe has adopted in its mutilated Turkish form, *kismet*, is a plural and means 'parts,' 'shares,' or 'lots.' European,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and some modern Islamic scholastics, interpret this as the fate, or lot, *imposed* upon the individual; but the normal Easterner conceives it as the lot *bestowed* upon the individual. It is this conception that explains the tremendous hold that Islam has upon the hearts of its followers. The Moslem interprets life thus: I, the individual, am enclosed within the wheel of life. I do not stand outside of it, nor should I try to control its movement. I need not toil and worry lest I be overtaken and crushed by the world, for I am part of the world and move with it. My duty is merely to drift with the current, to identify myself with Nature.

Thus interpreted, quesmat symbolizes a social relationship that transcends human society and embraces the whole compass of the universe. It is the only social philosophy that does not assume that the members of society are held together merely by a sort of contract to guarantee their mutual security. The moral authority of this law, which is so ridiculously misinterpreted in the West as a cult of indolence, has enabled the East hitherto to escape antisocial developments. For the Easterner also the world is full of difficulties and dangers, but these are likewise subject to the law of quesmat, and are themselves part of the common stream of life. Therefore it is unnecessary and irrational to anticipate possible dangers and try to insure yourself against them, for they can never overcome you; they are only one aspect of Nature's functioning, and are working toward the same end, in a larger analysis, toward which you yourself are bound. That explains the 'calm of the East.'

This helps us to understand why the Asiatic peoples, notwithstanding their highly developed nationalism, their keen consciousness of a common speech and culture, have never attached great importance to political institutions. The State is not indispensable in their scheme of things—except in so far as it has of late become an agency of defense against the usurpation of the West.

The Occident is positive and active; the East is negative and passive. One has nothing to lose and presses forward; the other has a world to preserve and will cling fast to it.

It is hardly worth the trouble to ask which of these two philosophies of life contributes most to progress and civilization. Of course it is that of the West. But are we set down here in the midst of the mystery of existence solely to achieve progress and civilization? That perhaps is arguable.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF SAN FRANCISCO SAVERIO[1]

AN ITALIAN WORLD PILGRIM IN GOA

BY LUCIANO MAGRINI

IT is not easy, amid the surviving ruins of Goa, to call back to life the names and the exploits of Vasco da Gama, of General Affonso de Albuquerque, and of San Francisco Saverio. The city of which Camões sang in *Os Lusíadas*, the pearl of Portugal's ancient colonial empire, the ardent acropolis of Christianity in the Far East, which in the days of its glory boasted of two hundred thousand inhabitants and was the capital of Portugal's vast possessions in the Indies, is to-day but a crumbling sepulchre, where dwell some three hundred Portuguese priests and friars, caretakers of the churches and monuments that still recall dimly their nation's former greatness.

A visitor asks vainly the cause of this decline. The priests attribute it to the expulsion of the Jesuits, to whose rigid political and religious discipline they ascribe the city's former power and glory. Laymen blame the intolerance of the Jesuits, whose fanaticism drove away Goa's merchants and diverted to other channels the commerce to which she owed her ancient wealth. Some attribute her fall to the lust and greed of the conquistadores, whose high-handed abuses made their stronghold a place of dread; in the shadow of whose fortresses, churches, and convents adventurers enriched themselves by rapine, but were unable to create a centre of honest trade. As soon as Portugal's precarious monopolies were overthrown, therefore, Goa became, instead of a staple port between Europe and India, a mere memorial of old abuses. Her people deserted her. India sent its jungles to besiege her. Tropical vegetation overran her suburbs and penetrated her very heart; and malaria followed on its heels, to complete the vengeance of the East upon the unwelcome intruder.

All that is left to-day of the old town, or *Vielha Citade*, is a heap of ruins and a single church, still in good repair, which contains the sumptuous and venerated tomb of San Francisco Saverio. The Portuguese fled from the besieging forest, and from the depressing reminders of their departed power and glory, and erected a *Nova Citade* at Pangim, six or seven miles away, whither they hoped to transfer the seat of their political power and the patriarchate of the East Indies, leaving empty the great archepiscopal palace built beside the ancient cathedral, which speedily became the abode of bats and shadows.

On May 22, 1498, when the three caravels of Vasco da Gama reached Calcutta, after ten months and a half of navigation, they had been given a royal welcome by the whole Malabar Coast. A seaway around the Cape of Good Hope was now open, and both Indians and Portuguese anticipated vast riches from a commerce whose

[1] From *La Stampa* (Turin Independent daily), *April 9*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

huge profits they foresaw and whose benefits they intended to monopolize. But the Portuguese soon showed how utterly they failed to appreciate the value of their discovery. They proved incapable of drawing the maximum benefit from it by a shrewd policy of pacific penetration. Portugal's merchants were too much imbued with the spirit of the conquistadores. And the conquistadores themselves, in their greed for wealth, set no limits on their exactions, and sought to compensate themselves for their long voyage and tedious exile with a rich booty extorted by every device of violence and fraud from the unwarlike and helpless natives.

Meanwhile the Royal Court at Lisbon, completely in the power of its ecclesiastical politicians, took no thought of the fate of its pagan subjects, and had no conception of what might be gained by an enlightened policy of justice and tolerance. Even the letters of San Francisco Saverio, with their message of discouragement, — a discouragement so profound that he seriously contemplated abandoning India and carrying his work elsewhere, — with their scathing denunciation of official malpractices and private extortion, did nothing to mitigate the reign of violence and fraud that oppressed the whole western coast of India from Goa to Cape Comorin.

Even San Francisco did not confine himself wholly to pacifist methods in his apostolic labors. Writing from Cochin to Rome in December 1543, he said: 'Wherever I discover the people engaged in idolatrous worship, I rally together a strong band of sturdy young fellows, who heap upon the Devil every form of insult and violence likely to dishonor his cult among their relatives, friends, and fellows. These lads precipitate themselves upon the idols, overturn them, break them to pieces, spit upon them, and kick the fragments scornfully about. In a word, they treat them with all the contumely possible.'

San Francisco pleaded with the King of Portugal to remedy what he stigmatized as the weakness of the lay officials in tolerating the idolatry of the natives; so that John III wrote to his Viceroy, Don João de Castro, in 1546, that he had learned with profound sadness that idols were still worshiped in certain provinces of his empire, and even at Goa, and commanded the authorities to hunt up these idols and to break them to pieces wherever they were found. He ordered the severest penalties to be inflicted upon anyone who carved or ornamented an idol, or who performed an act of idolatrous worship, or who gave shelter to the priests of these false gods.

Apparently, however, the lay officials did not exhibit all the fervor that San Francisco considered desirable in this work of extirpating the native worship, for two years later he wrote to the King: 'If the governor and the commanders were absolutely convinced that Your Majesty would deal with them as you have said you would, and have indeed sworn to do, then in a single year the whole Island of Ceylon, many kings of the Malabar Coast, and all the Comorin Peninsula would embrace the faith of Christ.'

Be this as it may, Christianity never penetrated beneath the surface of the Hindu world. In fact, in order to make even the slight impression that it did, it had to compromise with the institution of caste. Throughout Southern India what were called 'trouser churches' were built, where the higher and the lower castes were separated by a high wall, so that when attending Mass pariah Christians might not contaminate with their breath or their presence their high-caste brethren in the faith; and native

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Catholic priests continued to wear the insignia of their Brahman birth. Nearly every one of the four hundred seminarists in the great theological school at Margao near Goa were of Brahman blood, and throughout the remainder of India the native clergy was almost exclusively recruited from this priestly caste.

Christianity has not made much progress here during the past four centuries. The number of natives who profess our faith to-day is said to be about two and one-half million, or something less than one per cent of the population. The Mohammedans in the northern part of the Peninsula never become converts, and the Hindus, especially those of the higher caste, are so wrapped up in their traditions and their religious rites that they are equally deaf to Christian teaching.

Conversions would be more common, however, if the Hindu world did not punish those who adopt Christianity with the loss of caste. This is a serious thing, for it isolates the individual in his village, and excludes him from society, from his family, and from his friends. That is why most Indian Christians are of pariah origin. Even these do not relinquish entirely their old faith; for they take part, more or less secretly, in the native religious festivals; and when a serious crisis comes they place more faith in the fakir than in the priest. In the neighborhood of Goa, in the very shadow of her churches and convents, where Catholicism has been taught longer and more fervently than anywhere else in India, native proselytes often revert to their ancient practices. In order to propitiate the Devil, the women, avoiding the sharp eyes of the Catholic priests, go forth secretly at night to some rendezvous in the jungle, where the *botte*, or native fakir, awaits them. To him they carry rice, chickens, and coconuts. Here complicated rites are performed by torchlight. The *botte* cuts off the head of a cock, so that the blood flows over the rice. Then he breaks a coconut and distributes the pieces to the participants, together with portions of the blood-covered rice. After this he examines the entrails of the cock and offers a propitiatory sacrifice to the evil spirits. All this is accompanied by elaborate incantations, exorcisms, and invocations.

The Portuguese have not preserved their racial purity in India the way the English have. Mixed-bloods of all degrees abound at Pangim, where they constitute a new type, the Indo-Portuguese. This ancient colony symbolizes, in fact, a triple decadence, — racial, municipal, and commercial, — the tragic degeneration that ensues under this burning tropical sun, which consumes monuments and populations in rapid historic rhythm. Where are the children of the ancient conquistadores? Are they, perchance, these slender, olive-skinned, degenerate Indo-Portuguese, who idle in the cafés, boasting of their white descent and proudly calling themselves Westerners and Latins, although India has set her stamp upon them far more indelibly than has Lusitania? The only existing survival of Portuguese imperial glory is an ancient relic, brought out only on formal occasions — the galley of the old viceroys, with red damask cushions, manned by twenty rowers dressed in scarlet uniforms and silver caps. One monumental reminder of the old era also survives — a long stone dike, which extends for more than three miles from Pangim to Ribandara, and was constructed in a single night, according to local legend, by the Devil and the Jesuits, who made a twelve-hour truce to build it.

But where is Goa the Golden? Where is the gorgeous, pompous, per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fervid Catholic city of India, the home of a saint and the capital of an empire? Accompanied by a Portuguese friar, I drove in a broken-down carriage the ten kilometres that separate Pangim, or new Goa, from her ancient and deserted progenitor. A dense forest of palms encloses the dead city of San Francisco. Some twenty churches and as many dilapidated and ruinous palaces are still more or less distinguishable in an inextricable mass of obscure ruins, half buried under superincumbent vegetation. Little by little survivals of hewn stone gates, and a few carved fragments, and bits of wall festooned with verdure, define the site of some ancient palace. The surviving churches and the cathedral are not impressive for their beauty or wealth of decoration. While the best artists of Catholic Europe were laboring busily on the ornate and airy architecture of the Grand Mogul's marble palaces, mediocre artisans flocked to Goa, and left there specimens of their conventional and commercialized skill. The ascetic faith of the apostles of Christianity and the cupidity of the Portuguese merchants indulged in no æsthetic flights. So one finds here very plain churches associated with great memories. One of these is the Church of Our Lady of Rosario, where San Francisco gathered together the youths of the city to teach them the catechism. Daily the holy man walked through the streets ringing a little bell, and the children flocked after him to the church, where they chanted the confession of their faith. In order to spread the doctrine more rapidly, San Francisco resorted to a stratagem. He set the words of the catechism to music. The children loved to sing; they sang the catechism in the streets, when working the fields, and in their homes. The precepts of Christian doctrine were thus deeply impressed upon their memories and disseminated among the people, for everyone picked up the songs the boys were singing.

Only a monumental gateway is left of the College of São Paulo, where the Saint permitted himself a little repose after his long and arduous missionary journeyings. The rest of the building is merely a formless ruin buried in vegetation. The Church of San Gaetano, with the neighboring convent, is closed and silent. At a little distance the Church of San Giovanni di Dio crowns a hill close to the ruins of the Church of the Augustinians, of which only the façade is standing. On the site of the College of São Paulo, which was the propaganda centre of the faith in India, stands a tiny white baroque chapel which has been restored. Here San Francisco used to pray, and a few paces from it is the fishpond that he built.

The best preserved and guarded of all the churches is that of Bon Jesus, which served as the chapel of the cemetery, and where the tomb of San Francisco Saverio lies. Inside is a great monument of Italian marble adorned with bas-reliefs in bronze, surmounted by the valuable silver casket, a Florentine work of the sixteenth century, which encloses the remains of the Saint. The keys of its triple lock are kept by the Governor, the Patriarch, and the provost of the church, and on rare occasions it is opened with great solemnity and the sacred remains are exhibited for the veneration of the public.

The Portuguese friar who accompanied me, and who had witnessed only once during his long residence in Goa the opening of this casket, told me that when the cover of the inner coffin of precious wood was lifted the bronzed form of the Saint, wrapped in a vestment of red silk richly embroidered with pearls, seemed intact. His features were still recognizable and bore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an expression of calm beatitude. His forehead was broad, his nose aquiline, his mouth clear-cut, and his eyelids were closed as if he had fallen asleep only a few hours before.

On the altar in front of the tomb is a statue of San Francisco rudely carved in painted wood. In his right hand is a staff which he is said to have carried during his lifetime, and to which the faithful have added a large golden head. Until a few years ago every new Governor, upon his arrival at Goa, was obliged to visit the Church of Bon Jesus, accompanied by the Archbishop, in order to receive his investiture of office from the hands of San Francisco. That is, the Archbishop would take the staff from the Saint and present it to the new Governor, and would simultaneously return to the statue the staff that had served at the investiture of the preceding Governor. A third staff, adorned with a golden head and inlaid with emeralds, which was also used by the Saint, now lies beside his body.

How and why has Goa become a city of the dead? As I said at the beginning, there are many current explanations, but I imagine that the climate of India is more responsible than any other single cause. The jungle of coconut trees, mangoes, and creeping vines that smothers the ruins of Goa's palaces is intimidatingly luxuriant. Its wild riot of vegetation, of plants and animals struggling madly for survival, of blossoms withering beneath century-old trees, its effluvia of decay, the deadly miasma of its dark and impenetrable spaces, thrust themselves insistently upon one. Tigers and leopards are common visitors to the ruins, — less than a month ago a tiger seized and carried off a native in their immediate vicinity, — and venomous serpents abound. More than three centuries before Homer sang, a Sanskrit poet wrote: 'It is dangerous to dwell in the jungle. Her forests are peopled with creatures hostile to man, with beasts that prey on flesh and blood.'

Goa was always a city set in a tropical forest. As soon as the faith that had created it languished, as soon as the trade that had enriched it declined, as soon as the nation which had built it in arrogant defiance of man and nature in India began to decay, the jungle reasserted its right and ejected its puny invaders.

PYGMALION TO GALATEA

BY ROBERT GRAVES

[*Mercury*]

PYGMALION spoke and sang to Galatea,
Who keeping to her pedestal in doubt
Of these new qualities, blood, bones, and breath,
Nor yet relaxing her accustomed poise,
Her Parian rigor, though alive and burning,
Heard out his melody: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'As you are a woman, so be lovely:
Fine hair afloat and eyes irradiate,
Long crafty fingers, fearless carriage,
And body lissom, neither small nor tall;
So be lovely!

'As you are lovely, so be merciful:
Yet must your mercy abstain from pity:
Prize your self-honor, leaving me with mine:
Love if you will: or stay stone-frozen.
So be merciful!

'As you are merciful, so be constant:
I ask not you should mask your comeliness;
Yet keep our love aloof and strange,
Keep it from gluttonous eyes, from stairway gossip.
So be constant!

'As you are constant, so be various:
Love comes to sloth without variety.
Within the limits of our fair-paved garden
Let fancy like a Proteus range and change.
So be various!

'As you are various, so be woman:
Graceful in going as well-armed in doing.
Be witty, kind, enduring, unsubjected:
Without you I keep heavy house.
So be woman!

'As you are woman, so be lovely:
As you are lovely, so be various,
Merciful as constant, constant as various,
So be mine, as I yours for ever.'

Then, as the singing ceased and the lyre ceased,
Down stepped proud Galatea with a sigh:
'Pygmalion, as you woke me from the stone,
So shall I you from bonds of sullen flesh.
Lovely, I am merciful, I shall prove.
Woman I am, constant, as various,
Not marble-hearted, but your own true love.
Give me an equal kiss, as I kiss you.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN INQUIRER IN ITALY [1]

BY CHARLES BONNEFON

Turin. — A sidewalk artist is drawing Mussolini's portrait with chalk upon the pavement. Across the street are two white posters. One, put up by the combatant Fascisti, ascribes a crazy Irishwoman's attempt to assassinate Mussolini to 'foreign hatred of our proud leader.' The other, which is much more interesting, is signed by the Fascist labor unions, and ends with, 'Long live the Fascist revolution!'

What does 'Fascist revolution' mean? I can see that this question worries employers. Mussolini has declared: 'We shall have no more strikes and lockouts in Italy. I forbid them. I shall substitute mutual agreements between workers and employers for all this wrangling.' When some workers' unions and employers' unions protested, he bade them obey on pain of immediate dissolution.

Yesterday a great Italian industrialist at Milan said to me: 'We've got rid of our talkers. We shall not let them paralyze our financial reforms and industrial energies again. The Italian people have been regenerated. Our neighbors will soon discover that.'

This is the language of after-dinner speeches. I am not yet ready to take it at face value. But Turin seems very much alive this Sunday morning. The streets are crowded with people who seem to be prosperous and happy. A great many soldiers and officers in tidy light-green uniforms are strolling about — young, beardless fellows, gentlemanly and not arrogant. On almost every wall you see the word *Vittoria*, and posters showing a terrifying infantryman hurling grenades into the midst of different cataclysms. Truly the incense of victory is in the air. The Italians are perhaps the only people in Europe to-day who feel that they have really got something out of the war. Call it what you may, it is a wonderful state of mind.

Nevertheless, the cost of living is horribly high — at the very least one third more than it is in France, without taking account of the difference in the exchange, which is in favor of the lira. A ten-minute ride in a taxicab costs a dozen lire, or fifteen francs; a very simple dinner in a dining-car twenty-seven lire, or thirty-two francs. At Turin I left two small valises in the station parcel room — charge, four lire, ten centesimi. But the Sunday crowd is comfortably, even elegantly, dressed. It besieges the restaurants, where one hears mediocre orchestras. Everybody looks well fed and contented. And it was the same at Milan, where a regular torrent of humanity flows under the electric lights — that are almost too numerous. In the Cathedral Square everybody buys the *Corriere della Sera*, although each number costs thirty centesimi. A thrill of spring is in the air, and the great crowd is obviously happy and supremely satisfied with itself. Both Milan and Turin are bathed in light of an evening, for Italy's water powers have made electricity cheap, and the faces of the people

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *April* 16, 18, 26, 28, *May* 1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reflect their radiance. I recall the same look of triumphant exaltation, the same keen consciousness of standing on the pinnacle of the world, on the faces of the people of Berlin before the war.

I have talked with a leading Italian manufacturer here in Rome. His version of the situation is in substance: Italy is a poor country. A great majority of her people own no property. They are not accustomed to exercising authority. They do not possess the will power or the discipline which are the heritage of the citizens of countries that have enjoyed democratic institutions for generations. Consequently, when we gave them universal suffrage we found ourselves at the mercy of an emotional, uneducated mob. Thanks to Mussolini, our error has been rectified. He has taught the people the gospel that they must produce in order to be prosperous and happy, and that they must be prosperous and happy in order that the nation may be strong and powerful. . . .

Mussolini did this by rallying to his banner young war veterans indignant at the flouting of authority and the growing disorganization of the country, and the middle and upper classes, who were alarmed by the continual rioting and striking among the workers. He substituted for the old régime a dictatorship of three hundred thousand legionaries commanded by consuls, tribunes, and centurions, under his personal orders. He crushed the Socialists, marched on Rome, and imposed his terms on the King. Parliament obeyed him because it thought his new, and in their eyes absurd, régime would last but a few days.

Since then Mussolini has continued his antidemocratic policy, though not without some hesitation. Through his decrees he has stripped Parliament of the shadow of power it still retained. He has abolished freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, and the right to strike. He has concentrated all authority in his own hands. He has abolished the Socialist trade-unions and ridicules their helpless leaders. But he pursues these strong-arm tactics with great subtleness. When the workers protested against his measures, he assured them that they would be represented and listened to in the Grand Council of the Fascisti. When employers baulked at seeing their business placed at the mercy of a single man, he calmed them by threats and by benefits. He said to the great employers' unions: 'Obey, or I will disband you.' But before he said that, he had loaded them with favors. He next proceeded to dissolve the chambers of commerce, to unify the banks of issue, to concentrate the economic control of the whole nation in his own hands. *L'état c'est moi!*

In the schools the pupils hear of nothing but Italy's glorious past and still more magnificent destiny. Every afternoon they stroll in bands through the ruins of the Forum, recalling the grandeur of the Roman Empire. They are taught to regard the Mediterranean as a Roman lake. Light, order, beauty, are inscribed in the harmonious lines of their churches and palaces. They aspire to reproduce these qualities in their social and political life, with all the ardor and the love of luxury and power that are begotten by their very poverty, and are part of their inborn Italian temperament. These vivid imaginings are never sobered by the press or by public speakers. A fever of patriotic enthusiasm and a glow of gigantic hopes has seized the nation, since Mussolini's magic touch has converted the memories of a great past, ever lurking in the background of the national mind, into something vivid, present, and actual. In a word, if twenty per cent of the Italians are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fascisti, eighty per cent are Mussolinisti. They worship the man who has given them faith in themselves and in their country.

Their leader never misses the mark, because he knows so well how to play upon the heartstrings of his people. After restoring order and prosperity in the North, he turned toward the South, which has always considered itself the neglected part of Italy, appropriated large sums for public improvements there, and secured special favors for its agricultural products through commercial treaties. Now Naples, which hated him at first, worships him as a demigod.

Last of all, in order to give the capital of his future empire a fitting home, Mussolini abolished the mayorality of Rome and put a prefect of his own appointing in charge of the city. But with the characteristic tact that always accompanies his arbitrary acts, it was the former mayor upon whom he conferred this new office. Thereupon he proposed a series of grandiose improvements. Broad new boulevards are to be laid out; the ancient monuments of Rome are to be disencumbered of their surrounding buildings and given an appropriate setting; the neighboring marshes are to be drained and a great bathing beach provided for the city. Different sections of Rome are to be reconstructed in distinct styles. There will be an Etruscan quarter, a Roman quarter, a Renaissance quarter. When the old mayor, somewhat appalled by the grandeur of this programme, asked with some hesitation, 'But where am I to get the money?' Mussolini answered, 'Don't let that worry you. When you need it I'll have it.' And similar plans have been made for Milan.

Is this but frivolous megalomania? So far we have no reason to think so, because hitherto Mussolini has succeeded in doing what he set out to do. Within three years, with the skillful assistance of M. di Stefani, he has converted a budget deficit into a surplus, increased the appropriations for agriculture, borrowed money in the United States, and reorganized the nation's finances on a saner and safer basis. Mussolini takes a personal hand in these operations. He decided what was to be done with the money from America, assigning it to the industries that were most important for a national revival — particularly to hydroelectric development.

And the man himself? A strong-willed chin and a beetling brow, but not as exaggerated as some pictures suggest. But what impressed me most in his mask of comedy and tragedy were his eyes and his mouth. His eyes are as black as ink, with a metallic glitter — the insupportable eyes of a hypnotist that see right through you, that flash and fade, that shine and dim, with the strange, searching stare of a lighthouse, whose rays never change color but dart a succession of signals through the air. And the mouth, delicate but irregular, always partly open, showing the white, even teeth, and never in repose. It twists, lengthens, shortens, purses, smiles, expressing like a mirror all the contractions and contradictions of a willful nature, tumultuous, sometimes enthusiastic, occasionally fatigued. Even more expressive is the man's attitude. Sometimes he shrinks back into his armchair like a very little thing, only to spring to his feet a moment later with a violent and intimidating gesture. In beginning a conversation that he thinks may be tiresome or disagreeable, he drops his words nonchalantly with the detachment of a man indifferent to everything and spoiled by fortune. His clear intonations are like the rippling of a brook. But if you chance to touch upon a topic that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

really interests him, he immediately becomes intense, eager, finding even in French the striking, racy word to express his thought, and throwing off the mask of a diplomat to show himself a creative patriot.

Mussolini's foreign policy is founded on the idea of equilibrium. He believes that it will take all Latin Europe to counterbalance Teutonic Europe, and that the Continent will not enjoy true peace until this stable balance has been established. It is in the light of these ideas that we must interpret his public pronouncements. *Mare nostrum!* Mussolini does not mean by this transforming the Mediterranean into an Italian lake by the wave of a magic wand that he does not possess. But he rules a country 'bathed in that sea by eight thousand kilometres of coast,' and he naturally seeks to draw the nation's attention to its interests on these waters and to the expansion of Italy's commerce. English, French, Spaniards, and Greeks, as well as the Italians, already have a foothold in the Mediterranean. Mussolini has never conceived the foolish dream of driving them from its waters. But the Romans have almost forgotten the sea that lies only a few miles from their doors. Mussolini wishes to recall it to their attention. That is why he is building an electric line to the beach, so that sixty thousand Romans may spend their Sundays there.

Another of his statements that has been sadly misinterpreted is his prediction, '1926 will be the year of Fascism, the Napoleonic year.' That is not a prophecy of war. Rather it means that during the present year Mussolini plans to carry out his great Fascist reforms. At home the penal, civil, and commercial codes are to be revised. He remarked recently to an intimate friend, 'Did n't Montesquieu say that no written code ought to last more than twenty-five years?' But there are other and broader problems facing Italy which he has primarily in mind. We have all been impoverished by the war. It is no time for the Byzantine quarrels and wordy debates in which we may harmlessly indulge during periods of prosperity. Above all, a poor country like Italy cannot enjoy such luxuries; it must have the most simple, economical, and efficient political machinery that can be contrived. Mussolini is trying to provide such machinery by making the Executive supreme and Parliament a merely advisory body, and by creating what he calls the Corporate State. There are to be henceforth fourteen of these corporations — six of workers, six of employers, one of the liberal professions, and one of the artists. These corporations are to embrace all the productive agencies of the nation, from the bank to the pushcart, and from the factory to the cobbler's bench. They are all to be Fascist. A regulatory organ, the Grand Fascist Council, in which all these corporations are represented, is to coördinate their activities. A Ministry of Corporations has been established, in charge of Mussolini himself, to settle directly industrial disputes and to execute great social-welfare enterprises, financed by levies upon workers and employers alike. These welfare enterprises embrace extensive housing projects, hospitals, athletic fields, travel clubs, artisans' training schools, and the like.

But Mussolini, 'a peasant and a peasant's son,' as he has called himself, a little incorrectly perhaps, is primarily interested in agriculture. He wants to stop the flow of population from village to city at any cost. He has declared in one of his speeches, 'We must make the wholesome and natural charms of the country stronger than the evil and artificial charms of the towns.' He points out that every village has its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

priest to care for its spiritual welfare, and its physician and its pharmacist to care for its physical health, but that it has no 'physician for the land.' So he proposes that every rural community shall have an official whose exclusive duty shall be to teach the peasants what it is most useful that they should know — how to select fertilizers, what crops to plant, what machinery to use. Mussolini, supported by the lessons of his own army experience, considers the peasant the nation's best soldier — braver, more enduring, and less liable to loss of morale, than the industrial worker. He has called him the backbone of the country, and he intends that his interests shall be the first concern of the Government. He exclaimed with a flash in his eyes, 'Ah, what a great country France would have been if she had succeeded in keeping her peasants!'

Mussolini has succeeded in restoring confidence in the business world without materially reducing taxes, although he has greatly simplified their collection. The total taxes on corporations still amount to sixty-four per cent of their dividends, as compared with forty-six per cent before the war. It is the atmosphere of confidence, the sentiment of security, which the Fascist Government has created that has revived Italy's industry. Business enterprises have been encouraged to enlarge. But we must not exaggerate. Fascism has performed no miracle in itself. It has simply favored a development that had been long preparing — even before the war. In 1914 Italy had less than three thousand corporations, with a nominal capital of five billion lire. In 1925 it had nearly eleven thousand corporations with a nominal capital of thirty-five billion lire, of which twelve billion lire is the creation of the last two years. But notwithstanding this great industrial development, Italy's coal consumption is the same to-day that it was eleven years ago. Hydroelectric power and oil make up the difference. The country's exports of automobiles rose from fifteen thousand in 1924 to twenty-five thousand last year. Since the war the most progress has been made by the chemical and the metallurgical and engineering industries, and in the latter Italy has entirely emancipated herself from her old dependence upon Germany. A large manufacturer, in commenting upon this, added with a smile: 'Of course, we cannot expect this to continue forever. We shall have our lean years after our fat years. We expect keener competition from Germany. Nevertheless we are not worried, because we are confident that we can earn profits no matter what happens, and that our Government will take care of us.'

What does this mean? In 1920 Italy had twenty-eight hundred strikes, involving more than two million workers. Three years later the number of strikes had fallen to two hundred and one, involving sixty-six thousand workers. But in 1924 there was a slight reaction. The cost of living rose and the working classes grew discontented, so that a slight increase occurred in the number of strikes and wages began to fall. Thereupon Mussolini promptly intervened and persuaded the employers to cease cutting down the pay of their men. Unemployment is virtually nonexistent. On the other hand, Italy is still hampered by lack of raw materials, by insufficient credit, and by an inadequate circulating medium, and naturally feels the depressing influence of these conditions in her exchange.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOVEMENTS OF CAPITAL[1]

BY PROFESSOR GUSTAV CASSEL

'MANY people who have been heavily engaged on the Stock Exchange or in speculations in real estate are now transferring their money to securities with a fixed rate of interest. The high prices obtained have led to sales on a large scale, so that profits have been netted and considerable amounts of cash money have been set free. This money is now being invested in bonds, and an increasing demand for those securities is accordingly being manifested.'

I take this quotation at random from a financial paper. It is unnecessary to name the journal, as such statements can be read in almost any financial paper and express a line of thought which is always recurring in one form or another in financial circles. At one time we are told that capital is being withdrawn from bonds and debentures, which afford no chance of profit and do not yield a satisfactory rate of interest, and is being invested instead in shares. At another time it is just the reverse. Or else we hear that capital has been absorbed by widespread speculation in building sites, which has entailed a shortage of capital for other purposes. In fact the observations of the financial press on economic topics are based to such an extent on such notions that one almost hesitates to hazard the statement that all these ideas are fundamentally wrong. This is nevertheless the fact. The premises being wrong, it is almost inevitable that a number of deductions made from those premises should be likewise wrong. And seeing that these deductions doubtless in some measure serve, as they are intended, as guides for conduct, it is obviously of no small practical importance to show where the flaw in the reasoning lies and to lay bare the real facts in regard to the movements of capital.

The importance of this will perhaps be still more clearly realized if we consider some of the popular conclusions drawn from these premises. For example, it is a by no means uncommon assertion that large amounts of capital are being accumulated for lack of outlet, or are being hoarded in order to meet anticipated requirements when the time comes. When such statements can be made by people who are engaged in practical affairs, it is scarcely astonishing that outsiders should form peculiar opinions regarding the uses of capital. Those who find difficulty in procuring any capital for their special objects are fond of declaring that the capitalists will not invest capital where it is required, but prefer to let it lie idle, or to invest it in speculations where it does not serve any productive purpose. From such notions people, as we know, are apt to draw very far-reaching conclusions. The most extreme, of course, demand that capital shall be confiscated in order to be devoted to projects of social welfare. But even where people do not go to such

[1] From the *Economic Review* (British European-press summary), *May* 21. Translated from the Quarterly Statistical Report of the *Skandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lengths, they nevertheless follow quite the same line of thought. As an illustration of this fallacy, the National City Bank of New York in its report for December 1925 quotes the following characteristic statement, to which large church organizations have given wide publicity: 'Our industries to-day are suffering from too much capital rather than too little. This proposition is absolutely irrefutable. Consequently, the money which lower income taxes would divert to industry will do more good to the public if it continues to be expended in some form of public work or in the payment of salaries to Government employees.'

When people propose that capital should be taxed more heavily in order to provide means for the organization of relief works for the alleviation of unemployment, they are following the same process of thought. Generally speaking, a large number of the fallacies with which we have to contend in the political and economic spheres are based on false premises in regard to the uses of capital and the movements of capital.

In order to make this matter clear, let us confine our attention to the domestic movements of capital — in other words, let us imagine a self-contained economic system, and revert to our first example. Capital is being withdrawn from shares and invested in bonds. What happens? A capitalist sells his shares and uses the money for the purchase of bonds. From his personal point of view he has supplied capital to the market for bonds. But this is a private economy aspect of the matter which cannot possibly be extended to the economy of a social community. For if our capitalist buys bonds, there must be someone else who sells bonds and whose money is thus set free to be used for some other purpose. Then as much capital has been withdrawn from the market for bonds as has been supplied to it. It is this simple fact, that *for every buyer there must also be a seller*, that people are so apt to overlook.

The man who sold his bonds would, of course, have to look out for some new investment. On the other hand, the shareholder, when he sold his shares, would have to find someone to buy them. Let us suppose that the seller of bonds is identical with the buyer of the shares. In that case the entire transaction merely means that a shareholder and a bondholder have exchanged their investments, which obviously does not in any way affect the general supply of capital. As a rule, however, the transaction is not so simple. The seller of the bonds may look out for quite a different investment; but then again money is set free for use in some other way. And so on continuously. But sooner or later the circuit must be closed and money be available for the purchase of the sold shares. It is this circuit that prevents people from seeing what really happens when capital is transferred. One would have a much truer idea of the facts if one could conceive the transfer of capital as a direct exchange of investments.

People obstinately cling to the idea that rising prices in the share market consume capital. During a period of keen speculation in shares the popular notion is that capital is streaming into the Stock Exchange. The shares are rising in value, and the aggregate value of the shares on the Stock Exchange is therefore also rising. The Stock Exchange has thus come into possession of increased capital. The public then supposes that capital has been drawn from productive uses into the Stock Exchange, where it merely serves the unproductive purpose of forcing up the prices of shares. But this notion is entirely wrong. If we imagine that the rise in the prices of shares has taken

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place without any shares having changed hands, this would merely mean that the shareholders set a higher value on their shares. In that case it could not be contended that the Stock Exchange had consumed outside capital. But if it is a time of general speculation and shares are rapidly changing hands, capital certainly flows into the Stock Exchange from outside, but the Stock Exchange at the same time gives out an equivalent amount of capital, which is released when the shareholders sell their shares. Thus the Stock Exchange as a whole has not demanded capital from outside. Speculation in fact does not require any capital in the sense of encroaching on the supply of capital elsewhere, and therefore it does not deprive productive work of any capital which would otherwise have been at its disposal.

These facts will perhaps not be fully realized until it is made clear for what purposes capital is actually consumed, and in what way this occurs. Let us, for simplicity's sake, imagine a case where individual savers invest their savings in a building enterprise. According as the building proceeds these savings are drawn upon for the payment of wages and the purchase of material. When the building is finished the savings have been entirely consumed. But instead the savers are now owners of a house. Capital has flown into this enterprise and has been tied up in it. That no capital has at the same time flown out from the enterprise is due to the fact that the money supplied has been consumed by builders' workers and purveyors and thus no longer constitutes capital. From this simple example we can see what is the fundamental thing in the investment of capital. According as savings are made they are used for taking over newly produced 'real' capital. They cannot afterward be released except according as the 'real' capital itself is consumed by amortization. True, the individual capitalist can sell his property and invest his money in other 'real' capital. But in that case someone else must take over his original investment, and in reality all that has happened is an exchange of investments.

It will be seen from the above that new capital is supplied to the market only by saving, and that this capital is immediately tied up in buildings, plants, stocks of merchandise, and so on — briefly, in 'real' capital. From this it follows also that any capital which at any given moment exists within a social community is fully occupied, and that a real transfer of capital from one function to another cannot take place at all except in so far as 'real' capital is amortized out of the profits which it yields. What is commonly designated as a transfer of capital is merely an exchange of private ownership of certain investments. It is thus obvious that it is not possible by any action on the part of the State to give existing capital any other use than it actually has. Any intervention in that direction will merely mean that the State for some purpose or other takes possession of some part of the new savings which are continuously being made, with the consequence that a smaller amount of new savings will be available for other purposes. If, for example, Parliament votes a grant of money to provide loans for the encouragement of house-building, this grant must be taken from the available savings, and the result must be to reduce the amount of savings which are available for agriculture, industry, private building enterprises, or other branches of production. A money grant does not create any new capital, and therefore there must always somewhere be a deficit corresponding to the sum voted. It may happen that this deficit in some measure

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

makes itself felt in private building activity, and to that extent the grant has not even served to relieve the shortage of housing accommodation. It should also then be obvious that it is not possible by any money grants to create new capital for the relief of unemployment. For the grant entails the withdrawal of an equivalent amount of new capital from other uses and thereby gives rise to new unemployment, which possibly may be less, but may also be on a larger scale than that which has been relieved.

Seeing that the new savings are immediately transferred to newly produced 'real' capital, and as this applies also to the savings released by amortization, it is obvious that there can never be any free capital. The notion that 'capital is accumulated in large reserves pending an opportunity for investment' must thus be wrong. All capital that exists within a social community is continuously in use. Capital cannot exist in the abstract without any real substratum. Individuals, it is true, can accumulate capital in the banks and keep it in readiness for some coming large investment. But in the meantime the banks must in some way invest the money thus accumulated. The banks naturally prefer short investments, for example, in commodities which have a rapid sale. When the goods pass into the hands of consumers, the capital is released and is thus available for fresh investment. Only in that sense can capital be kept floating. It sometimes seems astonishing that such large sums can be put up at once — for example, when a State raises a bond loan of, let us say, a hundred million kronor. The explanation is, first, that the State has consumed part of the money beforehand and thus has short-term debts which can be repaid with the proceeds of the new loan, where it is only a matter of the exchange of investments; secondly, that the new loan is paid in stages, and is only gradually drawn upon for State expenditure. So long as the money remains in the banks, the banks can use it to advance money to the subscribers of bonds for their coming payment. The subscriptions can therefore be made to a large extent without necessitating the immediate production of new savings.

To recapitulate: new savings, as well as savings which have been released on amortization, are immediately used for taking over new 'real' capital and are thus tied up in that capital as long as it exists. All capital is therefore continuously in use. A transfer of the capital thus tied up from one use to another is not possible. It is, on the other hand, possible for individuals to exchange investments of capital. But in such exchanges the amount of capital which flows into a particular field of activity must be counterbalanced by a corresponding outflow.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FLYING FOR AN ALTITUDE RECORD[1]

BY ARTHUR MARTENS

I BECAME interested in altitude records when I was a student at the Institute of Technology in Hanover and was working extra hours in the factory there which builds Hawa planes. I had been entrusted with several trial flights, and felt convinced that this particular type of plane was peculiarly fitted for reaching high elevations. At that time the record was 7800 metres, and was held by a Frenchman. It is now 12,060 metres, and after keen competition between France and America still rests to the honor of the former country.

Thus it came about that on October 22, 1919, I was ready to try for a new record. The weather gods favored me with the cloudless sky indispensable for such a feat. At 2 P. M. a little group of experts who were to judge the trial were gathered at the flying field to see me off. The machine was weighed, supplies were put aboard, it was weighed again, and then drawn out of the hangar. Meanwhile my observer, Herr Bremer, and I had dressed so that we looked like a couple of Arctic explorers. Our hands and faces were anointed with frost salve. We wore heavy felt boots, and settled into our seats like helpless, shapeless masses.

In order to communicate in the air, each of us carried a memorandum book and two lead pencils. I fastened my book to my knee and dropped my pencils into the top of my felt boots. It was arranged that my observer should inform me at every thousand metres what our barograph reading was, from the instruments sealed and placed in front of his seat. After we had passed 7000 metres and were approaching the maximum altitude hitherto attained he was to notify me of our height at shorter intervals.

A last inspection, a wave to the bystanders, and we were off. It took but a minute to reach the first thousand metres, where we were conscious of a grateful coolness even in our heavy garments. My companion handed me the record, but when I tried to answer I discovered that one of my pencils was broken and the other had fallen down into my boot so that I could not reach it. Soon after we passed the 3000-metre level, Bremer nudged me and reported that the vibration of the plane had loosened the indicator of the temperature recorder, which had fallen off, leaving us dependent on an outside thermometer for our subsequent records.

We ascended quite rapidly to the 5000-metre level. After that the barograph needle moved more slowly. I began gradually to increase the gas pressure in the motor. The earth below was covered with a milky shimmer that prevented my seeing our landmarks distinctly, but a familiar little lake glistened through the light, misty veil like a silver mirror, and I continued to circle around it in wide spirals.

When the observer notified me that we had reached 6000 metres he also reported that one of our barographs

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *May* 4

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had ceased recording. So we had to take our chances with the two that remained. In order not to overtax my companion, who had never before been up so high, I pointed to the container holding liquid oxygen and indicated by a gesture that he was to use it. After I had taken a couple of long draughts from mine I felt like a different person. The rhythmic hum of the motor was again audible; the feeling of intense fatigue that had crept over me disappeared completely. I watched the slow movements of the barograph needle and speculated as to whether I could make the record.

We were now well above seven thousand metres. Finally my observer nudged me and handed me a piece of paper. Everything seemed all right except the observer himself. His writing was half illegible. No wonder: the end of his message read: 'I have not used any oxygen yet. I am all right.' I saw how 'all right' he was from his handwriting, and made an energetic gesture bidding him use the oxygen.

His next report read: '7500 metres. I have not used oxygen yet.' I repeated by more vigorous gestures than before my orders to use oxygen, and waited for an answer. The machine lagged heavily on the air. We had already passed 7700 metres when the plane swung clumsily to the right and then to the left. I bent over to counterbalance the rolling. It responded reluctantly to the tiller in the thin air. Realizing that my companion had moved in his seat, I stretched back my hand for a report. I waited a moment and received no response. Nothing moved. Like a flash the query shot through my brain, 'What has happened behind?' With a great effort I turned around until I could see Bremer. He was leaning back in a corner, pale as a sheet, his eyes closed. What was I to do? Stop the flight? I looked at the altometer. 7800 metres. We had equaled the record — but I must beat it! Persuading myself that my companion had merely fainted for a moment, I rose higher. But the barograph needle moved slowly and reluctantly. I glanced at my gasoline indicator: eighty litres left — unnecessary ballast at this elevation.

I noted 8100 metres. I had broken the record, but I did not want to stop. The machine was still climbing, although very slowly. I tried every little trick I knew to make more elevation, but at length there was no response. It was time to consider our fuel supply. I looked at my clock, then at the barograph, rejoicing at every tiny movement the needle made. 8300 metres. Fatigue was rapidly creeping over me. My throat was dry from breathing oxygen. There was a sweetish taste in my mouth. I also felt concerned about Bremer. But I could no longer turn around to see him. It might overtax my strength.

Moreover, it was intensely cold. The tingling I had felt for some time in the tips of my fingers was gradually creeping over my whole body. I rubbed my hands in my heavy camel-hair-lined leather gloves and stuck them into the tops of my felt boots. The thermometer showed twenty below zero Fahrenheit, although the setting sun was shining directly on it. When I stuck my head out from behind the windshield the air cut like a steel blade.

We passed 8400 metres. The oxygen was giving out. I opened the valve wider, without results; it was entirely exhausted. But the machine had not yet reached its maximum altitude. I might add three or four hundred metres by hanging on a little longer, and had I been alone I should have tried to make it. But I feared for the life of my companion, and after pondering a moment seized the throttle. The motor stopped. I volplaned steeply

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toward the earth. The struts hummed. Every now and then I flattened out the plane and gave the motor full gas to keep it from freezing. The barograph needle swung quickly back. It was just pointing to 7700 metres when someone plucked at my arm. I turned around to see the pale but smiling face of my observer. He bent forward and shook my hand — first congratulations 7700 metres above the earth.

Whenever I recall the ascent, I realize that the most trying part of it was not my physical discomfort, of which I was almost unconscious in the keen excitement of the effort, but a frightful feeling of loneliness, which oppressed me even while my companion was still conscious, and became almost overpowering after he fainted. In fact, I think one of the principal handicaps in trying for an altitude record with a passenger is the responsibility that the aviator feels for his companion. In our case my observer owed the fact that he was incapacitated to his refusal to breathe oxygen. I began to use it at 6000 metres altitude. My supply was exhausted at 8300 metres, or at an elevation of 27,000 feet. Notwithstanding that, I still flew for some fifteen minutes without its aid before I began to grow drowsy. I did not feel that I might become suddenly unconscious, as happened under similar circumstances to the American flyer Major Schroeder, but that I was slowly getting 'dopey.' Moreover, I descended very rapidly, coming down from my maximum altitude in only eighteen and a half minutes.

This rapid descent affected my hearing, and I should not have made it so fast had I not been worried about my companion, and also painfully cold. The actual temperature was probably considerably lower than the twenty degrees below zero Fahrenheit recorded by my thermometer; and, in any case, it was ninety degrees lower than at the surface of the earth.

Among the other interesting things about the flight was that I lost two kilogrammes — over four pounds — in weight; and my companion lost only half as much. I have never been able to explain this difference, unless it was related in some way to the fact that the observer was unconscious part of the time. For that reason the physicians who weighed me thought the loss might be attributable to nervous exhaustion. After I landed I could not talk at first — partly because my thoughts were in utter confusion, but mainly because I was stone deaf. It took me two days completely to recover my hearing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LAUGH IN THE DESERT[1]

BY PEDRO PRADO

THE manager of Manto Verde mines was a fat man starving for company and conversation. At first Otamendi avoided him; the man inspired him with a feeling of vague discomfort. But after spending the whole day with his theodolite out on the parched ridges under the blazing sun, and interminable hours afterward in his dark hut making calculations, where else was he to go?

The manager was conscious of Otamendi's secret aversion, but he felt sure of his victim. During their second breakfasts, before the lethargy of repletion and the scorching heat of midday drove them to their siestas, he would talk a steady stream between one course and another, and between one mouthful and another, with a sort of insatiable loquacity that left him scarcely time to bolt his food. And after listening to these long monologues Otamendi found a siesta more indispensable than ever.

If the young engineer had not been homesick and depressed by his isolation and loneliness he might not have conceived so strong an antipathy for his fat and garrulous host, since the man was, after all, both intelligent and original. But in his present mood the fellow's pock-marked face, decayed teeth, bristly brows, and bloodshot eyes filled Otamendi with morbid loathing.

The manager's name was Menares; his given name may have been Pedro, or Juan, or Diego, or something else — Otamendi, in his dislike of the fellow, always forgot it. Nevertheless, the engineer's attention was caught now and then by an original remark that seemed to betray considerable delicacy of sentiment in his rough and vulgar host. On such occasions he would try to learn something about the man's life, but Menares skillfully evaded his inquiries. For in the same way that we wrap up fragile articles in cotton batting until they make big parcels, so Menares seemed to have wrapped up a subtle and sensitive spirit in his gross and enormous body.

One noontime when the heat weighed like lead on the galvanized iron roof, when the shadow of the boulders outside shrank and shrank and finally vanished, when the sun's shafts were so intense that they seemed almost to collide in a sort of dazzling darkness, the two men sat silent, stewing in their perspiration. Otamendi stared through the dusty reddish windows across the glare of the parched, tawny desert. Suddenly Menares broke the silence, and without other preface said: 'I'm used to feeling the mood of the people around me. Don't try to hide your dislike.'

'What's that?' asked Otamendi, stammering with surprise.

'Nothing. Don't be disturbed. I don't care how you feel as long as you listen. But you must do that. I've got to talk. I understand and I pardon anything except a refusal to hear what I say.'

'But, Mr. Menares —'

'No buts. Your obvious aversion has

[1] From *La Prensa* (Buenos Aires Liberal daily), *December* 13

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made you my debtor, and it's only fair that you should pay what you owe. I shall make you pay it by telling you a story to the point, about us men who live in the desert. Have another glass of wine? One more? No? Or do you prefer the *pajarete?* Ah, very well. To your health, then, Friend Otamendi. Now listen. Do you know, that's not bad wine!' And the fat man clicked his tongue. 'Well, now, I'm going to tell you of a case just like our own.'

'Why do you talk that way? I never —'

'That's all right, Señor Otamendi. Can't you see that this is just a little stratagem of mine to compel you to pay better attention? Have you offended me? When? Quite the contrary. I'm extremely grateful for your company. You seem like an old friend. I was merely joking. Did you think I was serious? Come on now, I don't want you to get that idea. Why, you have n't drunk all your wine! We can't have that. I'll join you.'

And fat Menares, after drinking another glass, broke out into a roar of laughter. 'See how I bluffed you. Don't tell me I'm no psychologist. There is no better way to get the attention of a true gentleman than to make him think he has offended you. Now listen, listen as a favor. Why have you got up? Cigarettes? Here, I have them.'

'Thanks, I've stopped smoking, but my legs were asleep,' explained Otamendi, stretching himself lazily.

Fat Menares also rose, a little disturbed, and carefully making his way around the table placed himself directly in the doorway. Once there his eyes sparkled. His victim was trapped. A sigh of satisfaction escaped him, and he took several heavy pulls at his cigarette, so that for a minute or two afterward his words were enveloped in smoke.

'Listen, and draw your own conclusions, my young friend. When I was doing my military service in Arica Regiment, stationed at La Serena, — I am talking of twenty years ago, — my lieutenant, Casares, and I, and a corporal named Padilla were ordered to reconnoitre on horseback the country between that point and Copiapó, with a view to marching the whole regiment with its artillery and baggage train overland to the latter point. Do you know the mountain country one must cross to get from La Serena to the Huasco Valley? Have you ever passed that great desert vestibule that stretches from Vallenar to Copiapó? No? Well, you're lucky. You can't imagine, then, the job they had laid out for us. It was a trip of I don't know how many kilometres — six hundred, or perhaps seven hundred. But you must have covered every foot of it on horseback to appreciate what real thirst, real hunger, real longing for shade and verdure, are. In those days we had no railway up the coast. Our orders were, moreover, to take a short cut instead of detouring along the sea, to find watering places, and to select sites for supply camps.'

Otamendi sat down again with a look of resignation on his face.

'We left La Serena on a foggy morning. I was in high spirits, as was natural for an eighteen-year-old youngster starting on a long trip that promised all sorts of adventures. I felt very grateful to the major for selecting me — so grateful, indeed, that I forgot to think of Lieutenant Casares's reputation in the army. He was famous for his rudeness and brutality, and had already passed forty without receiving a promotion, because of that reputation. He was stubborn as a mule, strong as an ox, and savage as — I don't know of an animal with which to compare him.

'Nevertheless, I saw that fellow really moved by emotion once on this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trip. When I got back and told about it none of my fellow officers would believe me. I think you will, though, Friend Otamendi, because you're having a somewhat similar experience.'

Otamendi lifted his eyes with interest. Menares's last words had been spoken in a high falsetto, as if his voice were breaking with emotion. Yes, his bloodshot eyes were actually moist. To tell the truth, he had been drinking liberally of the Huasco wine they called pajarete. Seeing himself detected, Menares burst into raucous laughter and hurriedly resumed: —

'The only time when we saw even the ghost of a cloud was on leaving La Serena. After that the sun scorched as if its rays were focused by a burning glass. The first day out, after consulting our military map, we gave up the idea of following a trail and headed first for Alta Gracia Gulch, and later in the day followed up another deep valley with a dry boulder-strewn bed. On the colossal ridges that hemmed us in on either side we saw no trees or vegetation except at rare intervals a solitary cactus or a withered thorn bush. Everywhere else the steep ascents were strewn with broken stone, as if the brown ridges were enormous leather ore-sacks that had burst and disgorged their contents. We did not catch a glimpse of a living creature, even a bird, except now and then a vulture flying so high that it made a mere speck in the sky. I rode on listlessly, scorched even through my light clothing by the sun, and half blinded by the glare. When we halted at night and stretched out on the parched ground, we avoided touching the heated stones; and long after sunset the cliffs still radiated heat like an oven. Our poor horses, half starved and half dying of thirst, — what little they had to drink was more sand than water, — made no effort to graze, because the search for herbage was obviously so futile, but stood stupidly motionless when unsaddled, hanging their heads with fatigue.

'In a couple of days, through the Lieutenant's oversight, miscalculation, or obstinacy, we found ourselves without a crumb of food or a drop of wine. Late that night we came to Los Choros River. It makes a fine show on the map, but it proved to be nothing but a broad, stone-strewn valley, practically waterless. Fortunately, however, we found a little trickle half hidden among the huge boulders, and this probably saved the lives of both ourselves and our horses'

Otamendi's face had assumed a good-natured grin, with which he tried to hide the fact that he was half asleep. But his corpulent companion tolerated no such pretense. He lifted his voice, and, emphasizing his words to arouse his drowsy companion, continued: 'Just imagine it, Friend Otamendi. Three days, our horses worn out, our brains frying under our heavy military caps! At two o'clock, faint from lack of food, wild thoughts of murder crept into my brain — for Lieutenant Casares had been heaping insults on me all day long: "Aspirante Menares, have n't you any eyes to guide your horse? CAN YOU HEAR ME?"'

The fat manager roared the last few words at the top of his voice in imitation of the Lieutenant.

'What's the matter?' exclaimed Otamendi with a start.

'Don't be stupid. When will you get some sense?'

Otamendi blushed with embarrassment, not knowing whether the last remark was intended for him or whether it was a part of the story. But he smiled placatingly. Menares gloated.

'"If you're going to stray like that you'd better get out and be done with it," Lieutenant Casares roared. I fingered my revolver. The unconscious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fool rode ahead of me and Corporal Padilla behind. But I was so crazed with heat, hunger, and anger that I did n't care a continental whether the Corporal saw what I did or not. I pulled my gun desperately. Then I recalled that it was not loaded. I was just sticking cartridges in the chamber, as many as it would hold, when Corporal Padilla shouted, "A house up there! Up there on top! I see a house and smoke!"

'I looked up without returning my pistol to the holster. Yes, in the remote distance, half hidden in a fold of the ridge that rose as abruptly as a wall from the valley bottom, were some white structures looking like the buildings around a mine-head.

'"There *is* a little smoke," observed the Lieutenant in a more human tone of voice. We had previously passed one or two ruined cabins and bits of wall around deserted mines, but they had all been long since abandoned, and had only added to the loneliness of the solitude.

'I have always remembered the climb up to this house as the most perilous ride of my life. What a trail! I had to lean forward till my chin touched the horse's mane to keep from slipping off behind. I could feel the panting sides of the poor beast throb between my thighs, and it seemed as if we should never reach the top. It tired me more than if we had gone on foot. The higher we got the farther off the house seemed to be. Finally, however, we saw that we were coming near. A man came running down to meet us. He was quite young, and thin as a rail. I have never been welcomed so joyously elsewhere in my life. He helped us to dismount. Seeing that we were stiff with riding, he offered us his arm. He circled around us like a fawning dog. We discovered that he was here all alone, guarding the provisional improvements of the mine. Work had been stopped because the company had run out of funds. You may remember that big mining boom on the Santiago Stock Exchange — in 1906, if my memory does n't deceive me. . . .'

'Yes, in 1906,' assented Otamendi, in order to say something.

'The young fellow brought chairs and boxes for us to sit on, and inquired eagerly whether we preferred beer or wine. Beer or wine! Imagine our astonishment. Yes, yes, we should be delighted. Beer first. We were dying of thirst. And did he have anything to eat?

'What! Had n't we had breakfast? He'd have something ready in a jiffy. His storehouse was well supplied — pâté de foie gras, salmon, goat cheese, ham. If we would wait a little while he'd have some roast kid. There were wild goats back in the mountains, which he hunted now and then for fresh meat. We had come at a lucky moment, for he had shot a young kid the day before. So we dined like kings. Nothing was lacking, not even canned milk for our coffee — except bread; he had no bread, but to make up for that he served ten different kinds of biscuits. But he rattled on so incessantly while he was serving us that the testy Lieutenant finally burst out: "Good, good. You'll drive us crazy with so much stuff. Just calm down and don't talk so much." The thin young fellow took Casares's rude admonition as a joke, and bustled about with a high treble laugh.

'"What about the horses?" Corporal Padilla whispered to me.

'The mine guard divined what he was saying, and made more than ten trips with a pail, which he filled from a tiny stream at the back of the house, before our mounts had quenched their thirst. Between trips, laughing constantly, he asked us what was happening in the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'We were busy eating, half starved and dead tired. How were we to answer? Our brief replies disappointed him. He looked cast down for a moment, but he was a man of resource. He commenced to make up his own answers from our gestures of negation or assent, and kept talking constantly while we waved our hands like somnambulists. Soon he had recovered his high spirits again, and his interminable laughing and chattering became fearfully wearisome. Lieutenant Casares grew more and more irritated. When the young fellow, in his excitement, began to slap us on the shoulders to emphasize his words, the Lieutenant seized him and roughly thrust him away.

'I watched curiously to see what would happen during the moment's silence that followed, but the fellow, who had brought up in front of a bottle, grabbed it and began to fill our glasses as if he took Casares's brusqueness for a joke or a direction. Then, without interrupting his hysterical giggling, he brought out cigarettes.

'Casares was at a complete loss; I didn't know what to do; and Padilla was completely absorbed eating his cheese.

'Finally, disconcerted by our stolid silence, the young fellow changed his tone and began to talk in a studied way, as if to entertain us. Imagining from the Lieutenant's rough manner that he might have said something foolish, he started to tell us stories — ancient anecdotes that he garbled horribly.

'"If you don't know something newer than that, you'd better shut up," the Lieutenant finally roared in exasperation.

'"Something new? New stories? I'll show you!" And the young fellow darted out into the neighboring room, returning with a fat leather-bound notebook, which he thumbed over rapidly, as if trying to make up his mind what to select. I could see that it contained a collection of anecdotes written out with a pen. "This one about Saldaña, the country greenhorn, is awfully funny. No, no, the German stories are better. Yah, yah, yah! This one about Don Otto — you'll find it bully."

'Lieutenant Casares gazed around the room the personification of futile wrath. Finally, fixing his eyes on me, he shouted, "Aspirante Menares, what are you staring at me for?" and began to call me down savagely for nothing at all.

'But our would-be entertainer paid no attention. He evidently considered our wrangling none of his business. Good Lord, Otamendi, if you could have heard the fellow! His horrible imitation German dialect; that young shrimp playing off a Dutchman. First of all, he read that moth-eaten tale about selling the sofa. Then the one about Don Otto trying to buy a dog. And he laughed uproariously at every one of them. Then he turned over some pages and began to read to us — what do you imagine? — conundrums! "Why is a pipe like a crazy Dutchman?"

'At last Casares could contain himself no longer. Drawing his revolver with a gesture of exasperation, he yelled, "Shut up, or I 'll kill you!"

'The young fellow stammered, and then, laughing like a madman, began to look for more anecdotes as aged as the others. He had n't read two words when the Lieutenant fired in the air. Instantly the book fell from the poor fellow's hands, and I witnessed a scene that I shall never forget. Doubling up in his chair and bending over the table, he buried his face in his arms and began to sob like a child.

'Lieutenant Casares, considerably agitated, and imagining that the fellow must be hurt, rose quickly, and without

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abandoning his brusque manner shook him and made him lift his head. "Have n't you sense enough to let us rest a minute? Can't you see what a fool you're making of yourself, when we've come here more dead than alive? And now you're crying. Have you been hurt?"

'"Pardon me, Señor Lieutenant," said the young fellow, his face wet with tears. "No, no, Lieutenant, I'm not hurt. It was silly, very silly, but I've been here alone so long. I've been so starved for a chance to talk and laugh. . . ." And when he said this he burst out into a long, shrieking laugh so violent that the tears ran down his cheeks and he fell twitching to the ground. There he lay writhing on the floor, frothing at the mouth like an epileptic.

'Casares paced up and down the room like a bear in a cage. Corporal Padilla jumped to the boy's assistance and lifted his head. His forehead was bleeding where it had hit a table leg when he fell. Padilla bathed it with water and fanned him with the copy book. When he began to breathe more regularly and opened his eyes we heard him mutter: "Juan! Juan!" Whom was he calling, if he lived alone? When he recognized us he blushed scarlet.

'"What did you say?" I asked him.

'He made no answer, and did not utter another word; but rising up, indifferent to the blood that was still flowing from his forehead, he walked slowly out of the cabin and seated himself on a box outside the door. There he sat bowed over in silence.

'Lieutenant Casares suddenly stopped pacing up and down and shouted in his loud, hoarse, parade-ground voice: "To horse. Let's get out of this." I heard him ask the poor fellow how much we owed him for the breakfast, but the latter never as much as lifted his head. I wanted at least to bid him good-bye, but a certain feeling of delicacy prevented me. He watched us mount our horses without making a move. We descended the steep trail in gloomy silence. As we turned a bend in the trail I thought I heard a shout, and looked back, but I could not see the house or the young fellow. As I slowed up my horse Lieutenant Casares passed me. I saw his eyes were filled with tears, and he said: "Aspirante, don't you think I'm a brute?"

'Yes, those were his very words.'

When he had finished his story, Menares sat silent for a moment. The young engineer hardly knew what to say. After a moment his host added: 'Have another glass of pajarete before your siesta, Friend Otamendi. It will make you sleep better.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIRGINIA WOOLF [1]

BY DUDLEY CAREW

CONTEMPORARY novelists offer the hardest nuts criticism can be called upon to crack. By what standards are we to judge them? What traditions are we to call in to establish or refute them? What prophecies of the future can we indulge in for their attack or defense? Can the wish, to a certain degree, be the legitimate father to the thought? Are we justified in reading into the experiments of our own time a significance that coming generations may refuse to acknowledge, or can we be forgiven if our sense of the past prompts us to dismiss the present literary rebellion, a rebellion blatantly obvious in the novel, as criminal lunacy? These are questions everyone who reads the novels of Mr. James Joyce, Mr. Ford Maddox Ford, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, and Mrs. Woolf must necessarily ask himself.

For Mrs. Woolf, indeed, the prospect is almost bright, for, if we incline to leniency and the view that contemporary novels must be judged in relation to their own time and all the circumstances dependent on that time, then she herself has an adequate defense in her own lecture published under the title of *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown*. In that she states with an admirable boldness that human nature changed in 1910, that a new morality grew up from the shifting of the emphasis from the Church to the clergyman, from the house to the landlord, and from the mass to the individual. Even if Mrs. Woolf is a little out in her dates and 1914 was a more crucial year than 1910, she is surely right in her argument that the solid security of life that rested on Church, property, and democracy has broken up, now that we think in terms of clergymen, landlords, and communists, or, to use her own illustration, that Mrs. Brown, the old woman in the opposite corner of the railway carriage from whom all novels spring, has ceased to be Mrs. Brown the supporter of the Church, Mrs. Brown a member of the leisured class, Mrs. Brown who votes Conservative, and has become Mrs. Brown who is in love with the curate, Mrs. Brown who owns two cottages in Somerset, and Mrs. Brown who is tired of politics generally. What we have lost, in other words, is a Mrs. Brown who could be relied upon to move with dignity and assurance through a two-volume novel, and what we have gained is a Mrs. Brown inclined to skip kittenishly from page to page and liable to come to an abrupt halt at any moment. It is a case of the roundabouts and swings, with Mrs. Woolf claiming for her swings of individuality that no staid roundabouts of institutionalism could possibly provide the same thrills, the same animation, and the same sense of danger as they do. The Edwardians, as she calls them, — to wit, Messrs. Wells, Galsworthy, and Bennett, — tried in vain to shut Mrs. Brown up in their pet theories of social evolution, social justice, and social splendor; the Georgians, with Mrs. Woolf at their head, have set her loose to ride in taxis, take tea in Camber-

[1] From the *London Mercury, May,* 1926

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well, dine at Chelsea, dance at the Embassy, and generally lead them a chase across broken and varied country — a chase arduous and exacting indeed, but supremely worth while because their quarry is nothing more or less than the spirit of life itself disguised in the temperamental and unaccountable Mrs. Brown.

How has Mrs. Woolf herself tried to hunt down Mrs. Brown? She has pursued her by methods which, if not quite so varied as forks, hope, thimbles, and railway shares, are at least divergent and interesting enough. She started off the chase with a long, carefully detailed novel running to 367 closely printed pages, called *The Voyage Out;* she then abandoned this for another built on very much the same lines, but a little lighter and more agile, called *Night and Day*. Obviously not satisfied, she sets out to chase Mrs. Brown on foot with a book of short stories like little broken fragments of colored glass put together in a sort of desperation in the hope that the ultimate result might bear some relation to the pattern of life. There is an almost demonic energy about these stories, a frenzied determination to leave nothing out. Mrs. Brown has led her a pretty dance and Mrs. Woolf is almost exhausted, but she won't give up, she won't stop and think, she must hurry on, watching everything, noting everything in case it should give her a clue. She is in Kew Gardens. Perhaps Mrs. Brown is hiding in the flower beds. The flower beds must be searched. Now there are a man and woman passing with some children — perhaps they know something of her. They are talking of their pasts. No, it is no good. There are two men coming. One is gesticulating violently. A few isolated words are audible, 'Electric battery . . . a neat mahogany stand . . .' But there is no time. A young man and a girl pass by. They are wondering where to have tea. They are congratulating themselves that they have chosen a free day. They are obviously in love. Poor Mrs. Woolf, she must dash off in pursuit of them; but her head is in a whirl and she cannot listen properly. There is too much noise, too much activity, everywhere:—

> All the time the motor buses were turning their wheels and changing their gear; like a vast nest of Chinese boxes all of wrought steel turning ceaselessly one within another the city murmured; on the top of which the voices cried aloud and the petals of myriads of flowers flashed their colors into the air.

Jacob's Room is Mrs. Woolf's next attempt. If *The Voyage Out* had something of the staidness and dignity of a stagecoach, *Jacob's Room* resembles a kind of mental airplane from which her passengers can look down on to life spread out underneath them. Everything is quite orderly and clear, but no one part of the landscape has any kind of connection with any other part. It is too arid, too remote, even too unreal, to shelter Mrs. Brown. Something else must be done, so *Mrs. Dalloway* is built, a motor car without a steering wheel or brakes, but with a powerful engine. If Mrs. Brown is to be found at all, this will find her. Brakes and steering wheel are unnecessary. There is more chance of running Mrs. Brown down if one does n't know quite where one is going.

Such a method of indicating Mrs. Woolf's five books is, of course, open to very obvious objections, but if it has satisfactorily illustrated the changes in her technique — the restlessness unmistakable enough even in so leisurely a work as *The Voyage Out*, gradually culminating in the frenzy of *Mrs. Dalloway* — it will have served its purpose. There never was an author at once so satisfied with a type of character and so dissatisfied with her meth-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

od of presenting that type. In Terence Hewlitt, to take the most significant character in *The Voyage Out*, she has at her hand, so it seems to her, a man who can best express her conviction that life is a terribly dangerous and unaccountable thing, an affair of eddies and cross-currents, a matter of moods, and that the sight of a row of poplars bowing to the wind can affect the mind as powerfully as the news of the death of a friend or a national disaster. Terence is unstable in that he is incapable of fixing his attention on any one thing for any considerable length of time. The girl to whom he is engaged is lying dangerously ill, but that glowing spark of knowledge cannot turn all the other lights in his mind to darkness. He must still notice the way Helen Ambrose comes into the room, still quarrel with St. John Hirst as to whether the Portsmouth Road is macadamized past Hindhead or not, and generally behave as though his grief were not a dead weight on his mind dragging his thoughts down — which it is to most of us — but rather a stimulant setting them leaping irresponsibly about.

There is something about all Mrs. Woolf's characters which sets them above the fine completion of pain.

'The fine completion of pain' — if this is true; if, indeed, there is something about them, these men and women of hers, that marks them off from the common run of humanity, that makes them less obedient to the working of the ordinary laws dictated by common experience, then, before going on to criticize her further, we must decide, not only whether Mrs. Woolf has failed to create the complete human being, but whether she intended to do so. Criticism is only too often and irritatingly concerned in pointing out that such and such an author has failed to do such and such a thing when he, poor man, has been trying his best to do something quite different. Criticism may say (*a*) that what the author set out to do was not worth doing, or (*b*) that he has succeeded or failed in what he set out to do. All other criticism is mere propaganda on the critic's part, self-advertisement and egotism of a most objectionable kind. After all, the most dangerous, as well as the most difficult, task of criticism lies precisely in the discovery of motives, of seeing, that is, into the mind of the writer, knowing what it is that he intends to do, and delivering judgment in strict accordance. The danger is, of course, in misrepresenting, in misreading the mind of the author, and, with novelists who use the bewildering subjective method of writing, this danger is very real indeed. With Mrs. Woolf, however, it is not too great. Even her titles, *Jacob's Room*, *Mrs. Dalloway*, are significant; her main purpose — and here again her own *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown* can be quoted in evidence — is to create character, to use those vivid, perfectly phrased descriptions of outside events, of people pouring out of the Underground, of the London streets, of tourists at the Acropolis, of which she is fortunately so prodigal, for one end only — to illustrate character:

> I believe that all novels begin with an old lady in the corner opposite. I believe that all novels, that is to say, deal with character, and that it is to express character, not to preach doctrines, sing songs, or celebrate the glories of the British Empire, that the form of the novel, so clumsy, verbose, and undramatic, so rich, elastic, and alive, has been evolved.

That is to say the sight of those people pouring out of the Underground is important only for the light it throws on the mentality of Jacob. Her characters, in other words, are not meant to be the curious, closed-in little vehicles they so much resemble, through which a never-ending reel of impressions can flow and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flow, but people, distinct and upstanding, without whom those impressions would be without value, would be nonexistent.

But it is in that that Mrs. Woolf has been so unfair to herself, for she has made her great gift, that of imaginative description, play second fiddle to an inferior one, that of creating character. Indeed, the richness of that gift, the keenness of that sense of restless, abundant, exhilarating life, has completely ruined whatever success she might have gained in the work she most values, for her characters, far from moving about in worlds half realized, move, half realized themselves, in worlds of bright, hard outlines and curious checkered colors, where it is impossible to tell whether their next step will bring them into a dark place of shadows or into a direct blaze of sunshine. The world is there and the people in it: —

> Both seemed queer, Maisie Johnson thought. Everything seemed very queer. In London for the first time, come up to take a post at her uncle's in Leadenhall Street, and now walking through Regent's Park in the morning, this couple on the chairs gave her quite a turn; the young woman seemed foreign, the man looking queer; so that should she be very old she would still remember and make it jangle again among her memories how she had walked through Regent's Park on a fine summer's morning fifty years ago. For she was only nineteen and had got her way at last, to come to London; and now how queer it was, this couple she had asked the way of, and the girl started and jerked her hand, and the man — he seemed awfully odd; quarreling perhaps; parting for ever perhaps; something was up, she knew; and now all these people (for she returned to the Broad Walk), the stone basins, the prim flowers, the old men and women, invalids most of them in Bath chairs — all seemed, after Edinburgh, so queer. And Maisie Johnson, as she joined that gently trudging, vaguely gazing, breeze-kissed company — squirrels perching and preening, sparrow fountains fluttering for crumbs, dogs busy with the railings, busy with each other, while the soft warm air washed over them and lent to the fixed unsurprised gaze with which they received life something whimsical and mollified — Maisie Johnson positively felt she must cry Oh! (for that young man on the seat had given her quite a turn. Something was up, she knew).

Immediately we know Maisie Johnson, immediately we recognize Regent's Park; but what of the people around whom her books are built? Instead of being the live, vivid actors in front of this carefully painted but relatively unimportant background which Mrs. Woolf would like us to believe, they are really far more dangling puppets which seem designed to show off the skill of the painting on the back cloth to its greatest effect. For with her background of quickly moving life we know where we are. So solid and secure does it seem to our eyes that we are certain that Mudie's van which Jacob saw at the corner will turn that corner, deliver its goods at various stucco-fronted houses in Bayswater and Kensington, return to Mudie's, allow its driver to go off duty, have his evening glass of beer in the Three Horseshoes, and return to his neat but tiny home in Peckham. All this we know, thanks to the extraordinarily acute observation and vivid descriptions of Mrs. Woolf; but of the mental processes of Jacob and Terence and Ralph and Clarissa, those giants whom Mrs. Woolf would have stride over the world of Mudie's vans and Undergrounds like Colossi, we know little. Facts pass through their brains and one is never certain how they are going to be affected. Of people we know personally we can always say with a certain amount of sureness, 'That will upset A,' or, 'Won't B be pleased?' But with Mrs. Woolf's characters that is never possible. They

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are deeply influenced, too, by things which other people would hardly even notice. In *Night and Day* Ralph Denham walks back to his home after tea with Katherine Hilbery, thinking about her.

> He was still thinking about the people in the house he had left; but instead of remembering, with whatever accuracy he could, their looks and sayings, he had consciously taken leave of the literal truth. A turn of the street, a firelit room, something monumental in the shape of the lamp-posts, who shall say what accident of light or shape had suddenly changed the prospect within his mind, and led him to murmur: 'She'll do. . . . Yes, Katherine Hilbery'll do. . . . I'll take Katherine Hilbery.'

Such a passage is most typical of Mrs. Woolf's method of suggesting the instability and unaccountableness that always underlie apparent security. *Night and Day* is, indeed, more an essay on this theme than any of her other books, although they all harp on it more or less persistently. Katherine herself, who lives with her family in Cheyne Walk, is rich, hedged in by comforts and customs, a member of a famous family, the granddaughter of a great poet. She is engaged to a mild-mannered little man called Rodney, a scholar and a poet in a rather feeble way, the kind of man to whom the conventional decencies of life are of almost religious importance. What more outwardly stable, then, than the engagement of these two? True, they are not deeply in love with each other, but there they are sitting in the soft firelight of the well-furnished drawing-room in Cheyne Walk. Mrs. Hilbery approves, Mr. Hilbery approves, the engagement is public — nothing could be more certain than their eventual marriage. And then in comes Ralph Denham, poor, masterful, 'not quite a gentleman,' and Katherine's solid world dissolves and crumbles under her feet; and into Rodney's life comes Cassandra, Katherine's vivacious cousin, and Rodney, to his immense surprise, finds himself standing up and confronting Mr. Hilbery and denying that code of honor to which he had always been so unquestioningly and scrupulously faithful. In the change of partners it is difficult to acquit Mrs. Woolf of going out of her way to emphasize a moral without which the tale would, as a matter of fact, have been complete enough.

This rather overstrained effort to represent the events of life as isolated, independent, unforeseeable, and unmeaning, is very noticeable, too, in *Jacob's Room* — a book which has in it much that is beautiful and true as well as much that is clever and adroit. *Jacob's Room* might have as a subtitle the words, 'The Portrait of a Modern Young Man' — of a young man, that is, impregnated with what Mr. Middleton Murry calls the 'modern consciousness.' Jacob is the son of a widow, a Mrs. Flanders, a woman not unromantic but who keeps her romanticism under the strong control of a kind, humorous, and worldly common sense. In Jacob, whom we first meet as a child playing on the sands, his mother's romanticism takes on a darker, less obvious color. He moves through his life, school, university, and early London, questioning, but somewhat disinterestedly questioning, because of a certain unaggressive but deep-seated skepticism in his nature, experimenting in experiences, but not too disastrously, making friends, meeting women, but all the time a little dissatisfied, a little bored, and irked by a hard core of resentment, as though he had been cheated out of something, as though life had purposely kept back from him its loveliest and scarcely to be guessed at prize. A modern young man, awkward and yet casual in manner, reserved, yet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capable of self-revelation, a dreamer, and yet content to allow the code of social manners to rule his way of life. He seems real enough at first sight, but the impression left at the end is one of amazement that a man as intelligent and masculine as Jacob could let life slip so easily through his hands without making any attempt to seize and hold any part of it for his own. So much of Jacob is alive. He is arguing now about a quotation: '"I rather think," said Jacob, taking his pipe from his mouth, "it's in Vergil," and pushing back his chair he went to the window.' Now he is in a fury of intellectual excitement:

'Yes; that should make him sit up,' said Bonamy as Jacob stopped reading. Jacob was excited. It was the first time he had read his essay aloud.

'Damned swine!' he said, rather too extravagantly; but the praise had gone to his head. Professor Bulterl, of Leeds, had issued an edition of Wycherley without stating that he had left out, disemboweled, or indicated only by asterisks, several indecent words and some indecent phrases. An outrage, Jacob said; a breach of faith; token of a lewd mind and a disgusting nature. Aristophanes and Shakespeare were cited. Modern life was repudiated. Great play was made with the professorial title and Leeds as a seat of learning was laughed to scorn.

All through the book Jacob is alive, turning this way and that, each paragraph showing him in a different pose, each lighting up his face, showing every wrinkle in it, every shadow, showing the veins in his hands; and yet no one picture is linked to the one before, each is separate and distinct. Jacob is shown with his mouth open, but no word ever comes, with his foot raised as he walks, but it never descends on to the pavement. He falls in love, but he is not capable of the continued strain and stress which love demands. In the shifting world where Mrs. Woolf has so inexorably put him there is no place for the laborious and carefully planned effort to attain. Jacob is in Greece; he sees the woman he loves and knows that he is in love. He goes out for a walk with her.

'The hotel is awful,' she said. 'The last visitors had left their basins full of dirty water. There is always that,' she laughed.

'The people one meets *are* beastly,' Jacob said. His excitement was clear enough.

'Write and tell me about it,' she said. 'And tell me what you feel and what you think. Tell me everything!' The night was dark. The Acropolis was a jagged mound.

'I should like to awfully,' he said.

'When we get back to London we shall meet. . . .'

'Yes.'

'I suppose they leave the gates open?' he asked.

'We could climb them!' she answered wildly.

Obscuring the moon and altogether darkening the Acropolis the clouds passed from east to west. The clouds solidified; the vapors thickened; the trailing veils stayed and accumulated.

It was dark now over Athens, except for gauzy red streaks where the streets ran; and the front of the palace was cadaverous from electric light. At sea the piers stood out, marked by separate dots, the waves being invisible, and promontories and islands were dark humps with few lights.

'I'd love to bring my brother, if I may,' Jacob murmured.

'And when your mother comes to London — ,' said Sandra.

That is all. The reader, surfeited with those books and plays which are arranged strictly to a kind of mathematical formula and where difficulties are carefully 'planted' in the way of true love and neatly and painlessly removed at the psychological moment, has a natural reaction toward gratitude for a piece of work which, far from tying the loose ends of life into an impossibly tidy knot, leaves them more straggled than ever; but Mrs. Woolf's mirror is really almost as distorting to life as,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

say, Charles Garvice's. In fact, the more one looks back upon the accumulation of accidents that make up the comedies and tragedies of daily existence, the more impressed, or appalled, one is by the dramatic cleverness that seems to control them, and by the sure, strong links that bind cause and effect, crime and punishment. But Jacob is outside that austere code of justice, which, however haphazardly it may seem to operate at any given moment, yet works out so fairly in the end. He flits from experience to experience, developing all the time, it is true, but yet lacking that last solidarity which makes the complete human being.

He is killed in the war, and in a last page which is extremely effective in its reticence Mrs. Woolf makes a final bid for our faith in Jacob. She shows what little significance there was in his life — a bill (paid) for a hunting crop, an invitation to a party at Greenwich, and a pair of old shoes which his mother wonders what she will do with. It is all a little bit too pat; her exclamation of triumph as she finishes up her story of Jacob with the words, '"What am I to do with these, Mr. Bonamy?" She held out a pair of Jacob's old shoes,' and thus puts an end forever to the pretentiousness of life, is a little too shrill; she brandishes the shoes too violently. Her Jacob has suddenly become nothing. She has destroyed him by her overpersistent stress on shoes, on threepenny bus tickets, on the sight of Mudie's van at the corner of the street, until they become to us more enduring, more truly *real* than the spirit of Jacob himself, so swayed by bus tickets, so much a prey to the shifting of moods. She has denied him an existence independent of these, and so made him of as perishable and inconsequent a stuff as a bus ticket thrown into the gutter. For the monument over Jacob, the figure in literature, the protagonist of the movement for the flexible and irrational as against the rigid and logical, her pair of shoes is indeed fitting, but for a tombstone over the body of a once-living person it is only too appropriately incongruous.

Mrs. Dalloway carries the technique of *Jacob's Room* yet further. The whole action takes place in about twelve hours. It begins with Mrs. Dalloway — a character, by the way, who appeared in *The Voyage Out* — buying flowers in Bond Street for her party that night, and ends with the end of that party. There is no plot in the recognized sense of the word, no continuity even. A certain number of people are, in some way or other, linked together during those twelve hours. The link may be of the slenderest; some of the characters do not even meet each other; but that does not matter. It is as though all of them lived in little dolls' houses, and Mrs. Woolf went skipping round lifting off the roofs, peering in for a moment and giving us delicious but unsatisfactory glimpses of Lucrezia Warren-Smith darning socks and trying so pathetically hard to cure her husband's madness, and then banging the roof on and hurrying away because something Lucrezia had done reminded her of Clarissa Dalloway, whose roof in turn is lifted to show us Clarissa arranging the flowers in the drawing-room for her party and wondering whether the Prime Minister will come.

How much there is to see, how much to understand! A car, magnificent in its quietness and secrecy, glides down Bond Street, and, at a sign from the chauffeur, passes the policeman's outstretched arm. Who was in the car? The collective mind of Bond Street vibrates sympathetically to the passing of greatness. And so it is all through the book. Mrs. Woolf has only to record the simplest fact, such as that an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

airplane is writing a smoke-cloud advertisement for toffee in the sky and Septimus Warren-Smith is thrown into an ecstasy: —

So, thought Septimus, looking up, they are signaling to me. Not indeed in actual words; that is, he could not read the language yet; but it was plain enough, this beauty, this exquisite beauty, and tears filled his eyes as he looked at the smoke-clouds languishing and melting in the sky and bestowing upon him in their inexhaustible charity and laughing goodness one shape after another of unimaginable beauty and signaling their intention to provide him, for nothing, forever, for looking merely, with beauty, more beauty! Tears ran down his cheeks.

Septimus was, as a matter of fact, mad, but that does not make him much less susceptible than the rest of the people in the book to the emotional appeal of the advertising airplane. Any one of the characters could have looked up, stared, been transfigured. There is no telling what is not going to excite them, but however loudly they shout, however deeply they plunge into those profound, yielding wells of beauty they find so easily, they come up the same — nothing seems to have been added to them. They go to the party, drink champagne, discuss Burma, and then go home again. There is their day behind them, not a link in a consistent chain, not an integral part of a scheme of joy and pain, hope and despair, but an isolated thing, a bubble full of the most radiant color while it lasts, but going out and leaving no mark upon the untroubled air.

There still remains Mrs. Woolf the critic. Her book, *The Common Reader*, was reviewed in the press with a rather extravagant enthusiasm. Granted, however, her gifts of re-creating the atmosphere of another age, and of writing naturally about it, granted her gift for phrase and simile that gives her criticism such a distinctive urbanity, its chief interest, for the purposes of this article at any rate, lies in its relationship to her creative work. That relationship is not an easy one to define — perhaps it can best be compared to that of a mother (Mrs. Woolf's critical self) to her unruly son (Mrs. Woolf's creative self). The son has a good many of his mother's qualities. He has her high standards of loyalty and integrity, he has something of her scholarship, — although he uses it for different purposes, — but little of her sense of authority and tradition. He is in revolt against what she seems most to revere, against that feeling of continuity both in the history of nations and of individuals that gives her criticism its sane and catholic touch. But if he is a rebel, he has those qualities we revere in his kind. He has enthusiasm, devotion, talent, — great talent, — and originality. If he fails to see life quite clearly and wholly, he at any rate gives us exquisite glimpses, so vivid, so true in tone and color, that we are almost forced against our better judgment to accept them as the whole. They are not, but that does not detract from their very great beauty, and, further, Mrs. Woolf the critic has herself put forward a defense for this sketchiness in her son's work: —

But do not expect just at present a complete and satisfactory presentment of her (Mrs. Brown). Tolerate the spasmodic, the obscure, the fragmentary, the failure. Your help is invoked in a good cause. For I will make one final and surpassingly rash prediction — we are trembling on the verge of one of the great ages of English literature. But it can only be reached if we are determined never, never to desert Mrs. Brown.

That Mrs. Woolf has never done. If she has not succeeded in catching her, her books stand as splendid witnesses to the energy, skill, genius, and determination with which she has conducted her chase.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'THE MOST MISERABLE OF MEN'[1]

BY DESMOND MacCARTHY

'Of all men,' said the youth who was sitting in the far corner of the railway carriage, gazing into the setting sun — ,of all men I am the most miserable.'

We were alone in the compartment, and he was talking to himself. I rustled my paper, but he took no notice, and his lips continued to move inaudibly. His worried young face looked intelligent and amiable. I liked him.

'I hope you won't think me intrusive,' I said (at the sound of my voice he came to himself), 'but, if you feel inclined, will you tell me what prompted that tragic exclamation?'

'What! What did I say?'

'You said you were the most miserable of men. It is not likely that I can help, but it might be a relief to talk about what is on your mind to someone you will never see again.'

After a pause he said shyly, 'I am ashamed.'

'Then you will get relief from telling me. Confession makes us feel we are after all superior to ourselves. There is nothing like it for reviving self-respect.'

'I am too ashamed,' he repeated, smiling a little.

I leaned across and touched his knee: 'Then you will forgive me?' We were silent for some minutes, and ceased to look at each other.

The rhythmic *trantle-trantle* of the unhurrying train was soothing to us both. Outside in the landscape the sun had gone down, and my tortured companion, having now no dazzling disc to gaze into, fell to prodding the seat opposite with his stick. He was still considering himself, I surmised, in a painfully searching, though perhaps no longer in a tragic, light. I liked him very much.

'You see . . . The fact is . . .' (I turned to him at once.) 'Oh! I can't,' he exclaimed desperately, bringing his heel down on the floor of the carriage with a bang.

'How long ago did it happen?'

He seemed relieved at my question. 'Three years, about.'

'Three years! And you are still the most miserable of men?'

'Oh, no! That 's only what I felt like just now. I don't often think of it; but when I do — it's absurd — I always say that to myself. It has become a habit. I don't always say it aloud, though,' he added smiling.

'I am very glad you did,' I answered, 'for now you can get it off your mind, whatever it is, and it will never come back again — at any rate, not so excruciatingly.'

He laughed, this time almost naturally. 'The truth is, now that I evidently mean to tell you, what embarrasses me most is that it is such a *little* thing.'

'There!' I exclaimed. 'There you are! You're half cured already. Go on.'

'Well, will you believe something first? Really believe it? I'm *not* a snob. I mean I am not, and never was, such a snob as many other people. I don't boast about my fine acquaintances. I'm not such a fool — now, at any rate. And I swear I never really

[1] From the *Empire Review, May*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

did, or very seldom, ever; and even then only in a way, don't you know, that left me the benefit of the doubt. But hotels have, or rather *had*, — Heaven knows I'm cured for ever! — a simply beastly effect on me. And,' he went on, stooping forward with a frown of agitated eagerness, 'I'm not a liar. I mean, of course, what anyone would call a liar. I lie fairly little. But these hotels! I've thought a lot about them, as you will soon be able to imagine, and I've made out a sort of psychology of the hotel crowd. You see, in a hotel each person loses everything that distinguishes and explains him — everybody is anonymous. There people are, cooped up together, eyeing each other, wondering about each other, sneering at each other, or approaching each other with the stiff comic caution of mistrustful dogs. Everybody who has n't an obvious badge is an unknown quantity. Everybody gossips and guesses about everybody else, and the result is everybody wants to flourish his or her credentials.

That is the prevailing social atmosphere, and it is odious — I speak with the bitterness of one who has been infected by it. In a hotel a sensitive person invariably becomes contemptuous and misanthropic. One's fellow human beings are simply awful in hotels. When they come down day after day, to breakfast, lunch, and dinner, when you see them between whiles over the paraphernalia of tea in the marble hall, munching to music, you think to yourself, "This is too much! Here are these pigs with their noses in the trough again!" Of course, your own mouth is full, but they look so disgustingly idle and useless — so you do, no doubt. They don't know how to spend half their time — nor do you. And with these *tu quoques* whispering in your ears, the impulse to distinguish yourself in the eyes of anyone who seems a little nicer than the rest becomes irresistible. In short, you are pushed into becoming a snob of one kind or another. And now for my adventure, which has made me,' and he laughed quite heartily, '"the most miserable of men."

'I shan't laugh again,' he added gloomily. 'It really is a painful story.

'I was preceding a friend of mine to a much-frequented spot in Switzerland, a place for winter sports, where he was to meet me two days later. During the last stages of the journey I fell in with an English family, and we traveled in the same carriage. We soon made out that we were going to the same place and to the same hotel. The family consisted of a father, a kindly, modest, straightforward man, a mamma with a manner, a girl whose looks pleased me extremely, and a perky, censorious public-school boy. I had better tell you I myself was in my twentieth year.

'Father and daughter both liked me at once, but Mamma was proof against all my attempts to interest her; and when she did respond at all, it was with a noncommittal smile, all the easier to read for being so gracious. The father, the daughter, and I were in those delightful spirits peculiar to the first morning abroad — you know how soon people make friends when they are childishly happy? The boy was at the age when he hates to show elation, and when the sight of a sister making a visible impression on a young man — for some unknown reason with which, nevertheless, I believe I sympathize — is particularly irritating. But even he thawed over our second breakfast in the train. His mother, however, mostly kept her face to the window, smiling on us in a preoccupied way from time to time, and rubbing away the frosted breath from the pane to get a clearer view of the steep snowy hills and pine woods as they passed. Sometimes, with a little ejaculation, she would single

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out something for admiration, but with all my alacrity I was always too late to share her pleasure.

'I think I divined at the time that she was capable of reading her husband a lecture on the folly of making friends in the train with young men one knows nothing about, and that she wished me to feel that she regarded our further acquaintance as strictly conditional. Indeed, I must have felt that challenge in her from the first, and inwardly must have resolved to overwhelm her with my credentials, for only from having taken some such unconscious resolution can I account for my subsequent impulse and behavior.

'Well, toward evening we arrived at our destination. It was a long lake in a barren Alpine valley, with a large straggling timber village beside it. Black figures were still pushing about like water spiders over the surface of the lake, and still more people were plodding their way in file or in knots toward the barracklike hotels on the slopes. The stars had begun to point above the mountains; and to draw such air into the lungs was like swallowing a draught of glittering icy water.

'My new friends wanted me to get into their conveyance, for we had engaged rooms at the same hotel; and she whose presence had already begun to infuse a subtle exhilaration into the scene called out to me that there was "plenty, plenty of room." Her voice in the dusk sounded magically kind and clear. But even if her mother had not proceeded to fluff herself out over the seat, they would have been cramped; so I waved my hat and drove alone, through the wooden snow-thatched village up to the hotel.

'The circular door of "The Imperial" admitted me to a hall of which not only the atmosphere, but the vegetation, was apparently tropical. On my way across the marble floor toward the gilded lift, I noticed couples swinging nonchalantly in rocking-chairs side by side among palms and flowers. There was a big group, laughing and talking round a flaring fire — girls in knitted jerseys, holding skates, girls in evening frocks, men in dinner jackets, and men still in their stockings and boots. The sting of frost was on all their faces, and their voices had that pleasant resonance which comes from having spent the day in the open air. At these sights the sense of the adventure of gregarious life got hold of me, and while I was unpacking I was filled with that delicious excitement (remember I was twenty) which gets so much weaker as one gets older — "Oh! What delightful things may not be going to happen next!"

'Then I opened the window and stepped out on to a balcony. The air was cold, the sky a limpid sable blue — and there, sure enough, were the mountains! If you had asked me, while I was arranging my things, what was the most exciting thing in the world, I should have said: "Oh, meeting people and expecting one does n't know what!" But at that moment such adventures seemed superficial, or, at any rate, mere garnishing to life. Dinner or no dinner, I felt I must go *out*. It was near table d'hôte time, and the assembled crowd in the hall made me feel self-conscious. I made for the door like a man catching a train. Somebody laughed. But the next moment I was running down over the snow, gloriously happy.

'The lake was as dark as agate, and so smooth it seemed a shame to scratch smoothness so exquisite. Tiny crystal splinters ran before me on the ice, and sparkled in the moonlight. And the undulating ringing of skates — how pleasing that eerie sound is to the ear! Every now and then I would stop to listen to it, chirping and shivering away across the silence, till it touched

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the frozen banks and stopped. Out I flew through capes of darkness into bays of moonlight, curving this way and that with that effortless steadiness in motion which makes a skater feel more like a gull than a man — till suddenly I felt as though I had been alone a very long time. I thought of the hotel and turned to shore; and as I turned, far away on the dazzling white moonlight bank from which I had started I saw a small dusky figure. It was a girl in a tam-o'-shanter putting on skates. Even before I recognized her I knew it was my friend of the journey, whose voice had sounded so friendly all day, who smiled more than most people do, and yet seemed graver than most. I struck out swiftly. We met, and hailed each other. Of all the words in the English language, I believe "Hullo" is the most useful. "Hullo! Is n't it glorious!" we exclaimed, and off we shot on separate ways to curve and recurve across each other's paths, saying, as we passed, things like, "My left ankle's weak," or, "Just look at the mountains," or, "I could n't resist coming, could you?" Then away again we went. It excited me almost to laughter to think that she had felt the same impulse as I.

'Suddenly she called to me that she must go in; it was an intolerable shame, but they would be anxious about her, and she would be scolded as it was. I cannot remember what we said on the way back. It could not have been much, for we ran. But I have not forgotten the laughing face she turned to me from behind the gilt cage of the lift before she suddenly levitated and vanished upward to get ready for table d'hôte. That lengthy meal was so near completion, and I was so hungry, that I decided to go straight in. The newest arrivals were placed at the end of one of the long tables which was not yet full; and as I came in, trying to make my boots sound as little as possible on the parquet floor, I noticed that my seat would be beside my traveling companions. The father was nearest the end, the mother next above him, and the boy beyond her. So if I took the obvious chair she must sit on my other hand.

'I saw at once, from the look Mamma gave me, that my not having changed for dinner confirmed her suspicions; and I thought that even her husband looked forward to our conversation soon showing the people opposite that I was not one of his party. By way of explaining why I was not properly dressed, I said that I had not been able to resist going down to try the ice, and had stayed too late. This statement produced something like consternation. Papa put his pudding spoon down suddenly instead of into his mouth, and I heard the mother say to her son: "George, run up at once. I must know what on earth Agatha's doing. Tell her to come down immediately. It 's disgraceful; dinner is nearly over." But George did not budge. Then, turning to her husband, she said: "Do you mean to say you let that child go out at this time of night by herself after I told her not to?"

'"Did you see my daughter on the ice?" said her father to me, using his napkin and looking guilty.

'I was in the middle of telling them how she had come down after I had been there some time, and how we had returned together, when in she came, rosy and smiling, and settled down — with perhaps just a little too much the air of nothing whatever having occurred.

'"I 'm very late. Oh, Dad, it was too lovely. Mr. —— was there. He 'll tell it was worth missing all the courses for, though I *am* hungry."

'The effect of her voice on me was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to make me think I must be looking as though a great deal had happened. I made matters worse by turning at once to speak to her, and, when our eyes met, forgetting what I had to say. After that I felt I must forthwith make the running with Mamma or she would see to it that their places were changed next day. From conversation in the train I knew the name of the county town where they lived, and by good luck I had stayed twice at a house in its neighborhood for balls. My memory for people now served me in good stead.

'I was able to say "Yes" repeatedly to the question, did I know the so-and-so's? The effect of all this on Mamma was — well, she became, not only gracious, but positively competitive, mentioning people and country houses herself with an ostentatious unostentation that made her children uncomfortable. "Oh, Mamma," I heard Agatha murmur, "you know we only met them over the hospital bazaar."

'I liked Agatha for that; I sympathized with her deeply. But I was too intent upon my object, too flushed with my progress, — possibly also with the Burgundy I was drinking, — not to push on. I became confident, gay, and satirical. I asked if the county beauty, Lady Georgina, was still as good as new. This led to Mamma asking me — and as she spoke she swept the strangers opposite into the conversation with a comprehensive glance — if I knew Lady Georgina's father, Lord X——. "Yes," I said, "I was driven over one afternoon to Thornton Abbey." That was true, but its enviable possessor happened to be, as a matter of fact, absent. I was proceeding to give my impressions when my attention was distracted by the behavior of an elderly gentleman in a dark tweed suit immediately opposite. He had just finished and he was pushing his chair rather noisily into the table. I looked up and caught his eye. He was staring at me, I thought, with an odd, hostile intensity. Conversation had stopped for some yards along each side of the table. Yes, he was going to speak — and to me!

'"May I ask, sir," he was saying loudly and slowly, "if I have the honor to be numbered among your numerous acquaintances?"

'"No," I replied rather jauntily, "I never saw you in my life."

'He paused.

'"Well, I am Lord X——," he said. And dropping his napkin on the table, he turned his back and left the room.

'I have blushed with anguish at the recollection of that moment. I suppose people would describe it as "an awkward pause." To me it was more like a silent explosion. Then I heard Mamma, who had turned crimson, go off into a long artificial trill of laughter. Murmuring something about "imposters," she shook the crumbs off her lap and, summoning the family, swept toward the door. Everybody else was getting up. Table d'hôte was over; just a few people were cracking nuts at the far end of the table. But the girl on my right had not got up. She was pretending to finish her dinner. I felt she looked at me twice; but I could not look back, — please, please remember I was barely twenty, and very self-conscious at that, — and not a word could I say. Presently she too — I heard her chair and her footsteps — went away, while I went on eating and drinking like a pompous automaton. In the hall I had to wait for the lift. There was a great deal of laughter; the story was traveling from group to group. I bore the titters and being looked at pretty well.

'Upstairs in my room, I went at once to the window; but now the mountains were as dull to me as sugar loaves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I went to bed, and, contrary to expectation, slept like a top. When my eyes opened the next morning I felt that something incredibly unpleasant had happened. Then I remembered what it was. I saw my self-respect depended on two resolutions — to wait for my friend, and not to change my hotel meanwhile. But I came down purposely late for breakfast and avoided the family, who, as the next meal showed, *had* moved their places; and I bore with apparent equanimity that wretched boy who would read out the society paragraphs from the papers whenever I was within earshot, adding "Friends of mine," or "The dear Duchess," as the case might be. Nobody asked me to join in any sports except one young woman who evidently did so out of curiosity to see how I would behave. I practised figures most of the day on the more secluded parts of the ice.

'When my friend did turn up he noticed that I was rather depressed. I left him in the smoking-room the night he arrived. Next morning at breakfast he told me he had promised to make up one of a skating four. I saw he had heard the story, which was having a great success. We did not meet all day. He lunched with his partners, and a jolly noisy party they were. Before dinner he came into my room, and after watching me dress in silence he said, "I had no idea you were such a first-water snob." I told him I had only waited for him. We agreed there was not much point in our spending the vac. together. We had a glum dinner. I went off the next morning to the South of France, which I could not afford — but I wanted to get away from snow mountains.

'There!' he said. 'Now I 've told you why I am "the most miserable of men." You see it was, after all, only a very little thing.'

We both laughed.

''Pon my word,' he added, 'I feel as though I should never think of it again.'

The train was slowing up in front of a station. 'I 've got to change here,' he exclaimed, opening the door. We shook hands and I handed out his bag. Presently he came up to the window again. His young face wore once more a look of concern. 'I say,' he said, 'I hope you don't think I was an awful muff to mind so much. Really, I believe what has bothered me most ever since was my having taken no notice of that girl when she stayed beside me alone in the dining-room. You 've listened so nicely. You do understand, don't you?'

'Perfectly,' I assured him.

'That was the only moment I was really a coward,' he added.

The train began to move. He waved his hand gayly. 'Ain't I lucky to have had such a lesson so young?' he said, grinning.

'Stop!' I cried. 'What was the name of the people?'

'The people?'

'Yes, the family.'

'Dyce.'

'Blue eyes — quite blue?'

He nodded.

'Then she 's my niece,' I cried out. 'Mrs. Dyce is my sister. You must see them. She 's a perfect dear.' The train was drawing away fast. 'Not my sister,' I shouted — 'I don't mean her. Have n't kissed her for nine years. You will meet, you will . . . '

He had trotted right to the end of the platform. A cloud of steam suddenly hid him from my sight.

I threw myself back in the corner. 'That will be very satisfactory, very,' I thought. 'I do like him.' But the next moment I sprang up again — I had forgotten to ask him his name and address.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN HOUR WITH ANDRÉ MAUROIS[1]

BY FRÉDÉRIC LEFÈVRE

[We are printing here several excerpts from M. Lefèvre's conversation with André Maurois, of which mention has already been made in Life, Letters, and the Arts. The entire dialogue will be published next November in book form.]

André Maurois was born on the twenty-sixth of July, 1885, at Elbeuf, of a family of Alsatian industrialists. They had settled in this Norman town after the war of 1870.

André Maurois went to school in Rouen. 'During my last years in the lower grades,' he tells us, 'I had the good fortune to encounter a succession of remarkable men, simple and without ambition, who loved their calling passionately. When Peguy says, "Our masters of Orléans," I always think of our court of honor at Rouen, and of the old gentlemen, profound students of Latin, circulating about the statue of Corneille.

'In philosophy we had Chartier, who was not yet known to the reading public as Alain, except to the subscribers of the *Dépêche de Rouen*. With Chartier life breathed upon us for the first time. His class was spoken of throughout the lycée as a very remarkable thing indeed. To study philosophy with Chartier was the great adventure that all of us dreamed of.'

In this subject young Maurois won the first prize at the general examinations. This success, the influence of Alain, and above all his natural inclinations, decided him to take a degree in philosophy in the upper school — which he did, writing on the subject of mathematical reasoning.

Alain, meanwhile, had gone to a lycée in Paris, where Maurois would have liked to follow him and continue his philosophic work, but his parents did not allow it. Alain himself advised him to take part in a life of activity; so he went into his family's industry.

For ten years at Elbeuf he lived the life of a provincial industrial. It was a difficult career which allowed little leisure. The factory was large, and the industry in a precarious condition.

In spite of his business worries, Maurois still cherished the desire to write, and every day after dinner — for the evenings are long in the provinces — he wrote to amuse himself. He knew no one in Paris, and an editor seemed to him an inaccessible person. Soon he had enough material for a volume of short stories, all written between his sixteenth and twentieth years. These he got to a printer in Rouen, but after he had seen half the book in proof he called a halt. The sight of his work in print modified his judgment and dampened his confidence. He believed that what he had written was not worth publishing, that Alain would not like it; and he had the type distributed. Of this first unsuccessful attempt he kept ten proofs, one of which I have before me now. These ten years of provincial solitude were rich ones as far as his general culture was

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *April* 24 and *May* 1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerned. He read extensively, swallowing masses of Comte's positivistic philosophy, from the first line to the last. He still has fifty notebooks of his reflections during this obscure laborious period.

Maurois went to the war on the very first day. Within three weeks he was attached to the English troops, and at once began to take notes of what he saw, jotting down bits of conversation and typical incidents. Little by little these sketches crystallized around certain rather characteristic types. He read what he had written to his friends, without any thought of publication, but someone who knew Bernard Grasset sent Maurois to see the young editor in the rue des Saints-Pères.

Times were hard. Grasset was poor, and, to tell the truth, did not have much confidence in a novel about the English. He was very nice, and said to Maurois: 'This is not at all bad. It 's something like Giraudoux; only it will never sell.' A thousand copies of *The Silences of Colonel Bramble* appeared from this young publishing house in the rue des Saints-Pères, at the expense of the author, in June 1918. One idea that Maurois had had in mind for a long time was to write a life of Shelley. He saw here the possibility of showing the idealist struggling with reality. Unquestionably, his own life was somewhat responsible for this predilection. One feels, in hearing him talk of his youth, that the lycée days were a period of cheerfulness and confidence. He lived in books. He loved his masters and the fellowship of sports. As a child, Maurois evidently saw the whole world as a sort of enormous lycée in which ideas were discussed and the most suitable ones adopted and put into practice. Moreover, his reading had made him exceedingly romantic. It is easy to imagine that industrial life in a little town was a rude awakening after this youth spent in a warm greenhouse perfumed with literary aromas. He emerged from his philosophical classes a Socialist. He wanted to go to one of those universities for the people which were popular at the moment. He inquired about these in Elbeuf and in Rouen, but as the son of a capitalist he felt the existence of an unjust but inevitable jealousy against him. When he himself came in contact with reality he was forced to change his point of view on a good many subjects. The world seemed tougher and more difficult than he had ever imagined it was from Alain's classroom. It was quite sad.

One day when, by chance, he read part of Shelley's correspondence, he was struck to find there, in much more poetic form, the same difficulties and illusions that had once haunted him. Was not this material really suited for a novel? In his eyes any novel was essentially the progressive study of the world outside and the people in it. 'One can always say,' remarked Maurois, 'that there is an element of autobiography in any masterpiece, even in a treatise on mathematics.'

'That reminds me of my *Conversations with Paul Valéry*,' I replied, 'the first series of which I had the pleasure of setting down this winter. He expresses himself in identical terms. May I remind you of this sentence: "Mathematicians have a style. Their formulas have a shape which is quite as recognizable as the style of a writer. It can be asserted that Poincaré does not write like Hermite."'

'It is probable,' Maurois went on, 'that the systems of great philosophers, which seem to be purely intellectual constructions, are partly personal confessions. I believe that is what Paul Valéry thinks of Descartes, and it is certain that the *Discours de la méthode* can be looked upon as a novel of ideas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As for Schopenhauer, it would be very easy to show how his system was the expression of youthful self-contradictions. It would need only a little more ingenuity to prove the same thing of Spinoza.

'But all this is a flight of fancy. There really is a considerable difference between any man and his work. We see that clearly enough when we find it so difficult to recognize our friends in what they write. We say, "How different he is from his book!" For that reason a writer of biography must be most prudent. It is very easy for him to interpret his hero and transform his work into an autobiographical document; but there is a strong chance that he will miss his mark.'

'But real autobiography?' I asked. 'The more I read it the more it seems at odds with unanswerable historical documents and the less I believe in its historical value. It may be said that a man is always tempted to depict himself as a third person, and in doing so he twists his own shape, perhaps with the best intentions in the world.'

'True enough. Not only should one not accept unreservedly the work of a man as a source of information about his life, but one must not trust in memoirs — neither in those of the author himself, nor in those of his friends. Each one warps the subject in a different way. I am beginning to believe that one should not write an autobiography, which no one will believe, but "notes on the various false ideas that my friends have about me." One could explain: "Mauriac sees me in such a way; but he is mistaken, and this is why. Morand sees me in this light; but he too is mistaken, and for this reason."'

'My historical skepticism is as great as yours. I believe that all history has unfortunately been deformed by the enthusiasms of the historians. It is certain, for instance, that the Roman Empire could not have been what pamphleteers like Suetonius or Juvenal describe it and yet have lasted for four centuries. But what I should like to know is: if your skepticism is so great, how are you able to write biography at all?'

'I shall answer you in a paradox of Grothuysen's, who began a biographical work with this sentence: "This, like all other historical portraits, is an imaginary one." But the truth is that I try very timidly and without any illusions to tell the truth. What I should like to do would be to understand and, consequently, to misunderstand some figure of the past as well as a living person whom I think I know thoroughly.

'There is only one way of doing this, and that is to interview every witness one can find. One must read exhaustively. For instance, I was very much struck by a remark made by my friend Du Bos in an excellent article that he wrote recently about the Englishman Strachey. He said that one of Strachey's strongest points was that he was a man who read literally everything. In fact, I believe that in this kind of work one must force oneself to adopt this method. It is not in an official biography that one finds some new facet of one's subject's character; it is in the memoirs of some unheard-of person, or some obscure courtesan. It is in such a place that the light of day suddenly strikes some precious detail that has never been noticed before. Patience and industry are essential for such work, but if one really has this patience it is astounding to see how much lurks in the smallest details when one immerses oneself in the past. Daniel Halévy said to me at the time he was writing his *Life of Vauban:* "Everything remains. Two men drink a glass of wine together in a tavern. Three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hundred years later we find the image and the trace of this glass of wine. An old man sets traps for moles on the ramparts of a fortress, and three or four centuries afterward this old man reappears again in somebody's correspondence."'

'Come, now, you are talking about biographies in the form of a novel.'

'At heart, the novel appeals to me much more than biography. It is terribly difficult to invest real life with any kind of unity and beauty. It resists such treatment. It is what it is. The same motives begin again twenty times over at the moment when one wants them the least. For only two years this is interesting enough, but twenty years of such stuff is a deadly bore. In the case of Shelley I was extraordinarily lucky, and the reader was put under some illusions, I believe, as to the real merits of the work. Thanks to an almost unique miracle, the life of Shelley is really constructed like a good novel. Two women, Harriet and Mary, play an equal part in his career and evoke two different, yet related, sides of his character. Also, Shelley died young, which does away with the stagnation of middle age, yet lived long enough for the various phases of his brief existence to develop. In short, he is an ideal subject. But even in the case of Shelley I sometimes labored under difficulties. I would say to myself, "But why does he go on a trip just at the time when I so need him to stay where he is?" Life is complicated. It is not simple enough. I imagine that when Pourtalès wrote his *Life of Liszt*, another admirable subject, he too must often have been irritated at the excessive wealth of incidents.

'For we are at the mercy of documentary truth. There are profoundly interesting periods, which one is eager to describe in their minutest details, of which we have no information whatever. This forces us to be brief where we ought to be profuse. It makes our work obviously unbalanced. And if one has the bad luck to find an ill-constructed life, one is like a sculptor who has taken a strangely shaped piece of marble from which he is obliged to fashion his statue into the shocking form of a satyr.'

'It seems,' I observed, 'that you are being very hard on a style of writing of which you are considered the father. And surely you have some responsibility in all these collections of Lives that are coming out on every hand.'

'I will confess to you,' he replied, 'that I am sometimes tempted to do what Taine did in a similar situation, when he sent his card to an author who had hailed him as his master, with these words: "Hippolyte Taine. The tide which bore him in ebbs away exhausted."'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MADRID AND ITS LIFE TO-DAY[1]

BY CHARLES PETRIE

MADRID is probably the most difficult city in Europe to describe to those who do not know it. Perhaps a correct impression can best be gained by a process of elimination, for it is not mediæval like Toledo, nor Arabic like Seville, nor essentially modern like Barcelona; it has an atmosphere of its own, which some travelers have compared to Washington, for both cities are capitals and very little else. In most Spanish towns one is enveloped in the memories of some one particular epoch of the country's history, such as the Omayyad Caliphate if one is at Cordoba, or the earlier days of Castile at Burgos; but Madrid is not specifically identified with any historical event except the rising against Napoleon on the famous May 2, 1808. It was raised by Charles I from the rank of a small town to that of the capital of a world-wide empire, and — save for a few years in the reign of Philip III — the capital it has since remained, although the empire has almost disappeared.

Madrid was intended to be artificial, for it was the symbol of united Spain in much the same way as Canberra is to typify the Commonwealth of Australia. Burgos would have alienated Aragon just as Saragossa would have disgusted Castile, so — as was done in Australia for the same reason — a new capital was chosen which should not revive old animosities. Madrid has always been under the influence of the events that raised it above its neighbors, and to-day it is still known as 'La Corte.'

The transitoriness of its inhabitants is another fact that separates Madrid from the other capitals of Europe. Most of the people who live in London regard it as their home, and the only exception is that rapidly dwindling class who can afford to keep up two establishments. The man or woman whom one meets in London has in the majority of cases no interests or ties elsewhere — he or she is assumed to be a Londoner unless some claim is made to the contrary. In Madrid this is very far from being the case, and in the upper and middle classes at least most people are very definitely 'from Andalucia, or Galicia,' or some other province. Provincial feeling exists in Spain to an extent that it is sometimes difficult for a foreigner — especially if he be an Englishman — to understand, and the grandees themselves are not ashamed to speak with the accent of the districts of which they are natives.

Paris and London are so vast that they reduce their inhabitants to a dead level of uniformity, but Madrid does not have the same effect, partly because it is so much smaller, but chiefly because the Spaniard is a far greater individualist than the modern Englishman or Frenchman. People flock to Madrid from all over Spain because it is the administrative centre of the kingdom, and a government appointment is the goal of every Spaniard, but the number of real *madrileños* is very

[1] From the *Cornhill* (London literary monthly), *March*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

limited. Madrid is thus like Dublin or Edinburgh rather than London, for in Ireland and Scotland the part of the country a man 'comes from' is of vastly more importance than it is in England, and the result has been to enhance its inherent differences from other capitals.

From the material standpoint Madrid is changing so rapidly that the guidebooks of ten years ago are already obsolete. The old buildings that were typical of the city so recently as the close of the nineteenth century are rapidly disappearing before the style of architecture that seems destined to reproduce Kingsway and Regent Street in every city in the world. It is presumably inevitable that in an age of standardization architecture should not escape the general tendency; it was so in the days of the Roman Empire, and it is consequently not surprising that Ottawa should come to resemble London in the twentieth century, just as London probably resembled Antioch in the second.

In Spain this tendency is the more noticeable in that it has not operated gradually as elsewhere: old Madrid has disappeared almost within a decade, whereas old London has been passing away for nearly a century. The older streets and buildings are being ruthlessly pulled down to make way for the new arterial roads such as the Gran Via, of which two sections are finished, together with block upon block of magnificent shops and hotels. The old Calle de Alcalá is now flanked along almost its entire length by palatial buildings, and in the suburbs a perfect frenzy of edification is to be observed everywhere. At the same time, those who prefer the old city of Lope de Vega and Velásquez can still leave the twentieth century behind them by turning into the Plaza Mayor or walking along the Calle de Toledo. The Puerta del Sol is still the Piccadilly Circus of the Spanish capital, and it is difficult to believe that any external alterations will ever really change its character any more than they have that of its English equivalent. Yet it would probably not be too much to say that if King Alfonso XII were to walk about the streets of his capital to-day he would very soon be lost, so greatly has Madrid changed and so rapidly is it still changing.

The open spaces remain the same as they have been for many years, with the exception that a very fine equestrian statue of King Alfonso XII now stands in the 'Retiro' — the Hyde Park of the city. In the centre of the park one might well be many miles from Madrid, and it is so pleasingly situated that it is little wonder that the Count-Duke of Olivares persuaded Philip IV to build a palace there in order that his mind might the more easily be diverted from the affairs of state. The weak but well-meaning Planet King was soon eclipsed in the European firmament by the Roi Soleil of France, and to-day his palace has disappeared as completely as the proud House of Austria itself. 'El Buen Retiro' once sheltered the titular King James III of England when he came to Spain in 1718 on what he fondly hoped would prove to be his way to Saint James's; but the grounds are now a public park, and the few remaining buildings are used for exhibitions. When the old Alcázar on the other side of Madrid was destroyed by fire in the reign of Philip V the present royal palace was built on its site, and in it the monarchs of Spain have since resided.

Fallen greatness makes an irresistible appeal to human nature, and in spite of the lapse of time it is difficult in a walk in the Retiro not to dwell for a few moments on those who took their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleasures there so long ago — on Philip IV, whose heavy yet pathetic face has been made familiar to us from youth to age by the brush of Velásquez, on 'Charles the Bewitched' and his unhappy French queen, and lastly upon poor Mr. Misfortunate, the noblest of all the House of Stuart. All have vanished from the shades of the Retiro, and in their place are the swarms of happy children with whom lies the future of the Spain that the Hapsburgs, with the notable exception of the present Queen-Mother, never could or would understand.

The traveler who confines his attention to the material side of Madrid will, however, be ready to leave the city within forty-eight hours of his arrival, for he will find infinitely more to detain him in a dozen other Spanish towns. In this perhaps more than in anything else Madrid is typically Spanish, for to the Spaniard of all ages man himself is more important than the buildings he erects or the theories he evolves. Whatever differences there may be between the Spanish temperament of to-day and that of the past, this intense interest in mankind has remained unchanged — it is the same on the canvas of Goya as on that of Evaristo Valle, and it has equally attracted Lope de Vega and Jacinto Benavente, Cervantes and Pérez Galdós. Thus to understand Madrid in a more than purely superficial manner one must live its life more completely than would be necessary in the case of London or Paris, but to have done so is to have surrendered one's self to an enchantress who will never abandon her influence. Perhaps it is the attraction of the East which is never absent in any part of the Peninsula, but whatever the reason may be it is a fact that Spain assimilates the foreigner more completely than any other country in Europe, with the possible exception of Russia. Many of her greatest men have been aliens, and this only serves to emphasize the all-important point that in Spain the man is and always has been prized far above the machine.

The madrileño is essentially a heliolater. In the rain, Madrid is one of the most depressing cities in Europe. The cafés are draughty and badly ventilated inside, and with the rain a gloom falls upon the entire population. Indeed, the rapid emptying of the streets in case of a shower recalls the effect of the air-raid warnings in English towns during the war — everyone flies to the nearest shelter until the danger is past. When the sun shines the café is at its best, and in the cafés the real life of Madrid is centred. They are almost exactly what the coffee-houses of London were in the days of Addison, and each has its own particular class of clients. In one a group of legitimists will talk of Don Jaime de Borbón as His Catholic Majesty, while in another a few doors away the theories of Marx will be vehemently canvassed. The poets congregate in one café, the dramatists in another, so that in each there is a small circle which forms a nucleus.

Just as in London the imposing clubs of Pall Mall and St. James's Street grew out of the old coffeehouses, so exactly the same thing is taking place in Madrid to-day. Within the last twenty years a number of clubs have come into existence, and almost without exception they had their origin in a group of men who were in the habit of meeting daily in the same café. The Spaniard is naturally gregarious, and his clubs have none of that austerity that is so prominent a characteristic in those of England. In Madrid a man does not go to his club to avoid his fellowmen, as in London, but to meet them, and this fact explains much of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difference between the two cities. England is thickly populated, and, as it is by no means easy to be alone, it has become the aim of large numbers of people to be so at every possible opportunity. In Spain the position is reversed, and the result is the difference between a Spanish club and an English one.

There are, however, two Madrids — the one cosmopolitan and the other Spanish. Within the last few years the structural alterations already described have resulted in the appearance of some large hotels where life is conducted upon purely cosmopolitan lines. *Thés Dansants,* American bars, and all the other appurtenances of modern civilization, are there to delude the unsuspecting foreigner into the belief that Madrid is much the same as any other European or South American city; yet in reality nothing could be further from the truth. It is possible to live in one of the big hotels the same life that one would live in Berlin or in New York, and with those who wish to do so one has of course no quarrel; but do not let them say that they are living the life of Madrid or that they know Spain. It may be that in ten or twenty years the position will be different, but at present cosmopolitanism is in Madrid a thing apart. The international hotels are no more Spain than Soho is England, and, although very many Spaniards are to be found in them, they go there for the same reason that an Englishman takes his dinner in Dean Street — for a change.

To see the real life of Madrid one must do as the madrileño does — one must do one's *paseo* between 1 P.M. and 2 P.M. and 7 P.M. and 8 P.M. along the Carrera de San Jerónimo, through the Puerta del Sol, and back by the Calle de Alcalá. One must lunch at two o'clock and dine at half-past nine, and on Sunday after Mass one must walk in the Paseo de la Castellana. If one is English one will be expected to show some interest in football, which is rapidly ousting the old *corrida de toros* in popular favor. At the same time the madrileño is no slacker, for the shops are open until eight o'clock and the English feast of Saturday afternoon has no place in the Spanish calendar. If one attempts to be cosmopolitan one may well dislike Madrid and one will certainly never understand it. Live its own life and you will get to know it — and that is to love it.

If Madrid is typically Spanish in that its real interest lies not in its material progress but in the life of the crowds who throng its streets, so also is it a microcosm of Spain in being overwhelmingly masculine. The first observation the English traveler will make upon arriving in Madrid for the first time will be to remark upon the preponderance of men in the streets and cafés. More nonsense has probably been written about the position of women in Spain than any other aspect of the life of the country, but one fact at least is clear, and it is that in no other nation has woman individually counted for so much and women collectively for so little. The number of women who have influenced the course of English history can be counted on the fingers of one hand, while in Spain it is legion; yet they never have acted — and it is not in their nature to act — collectively. The Spanish woman exerts her influence individually through her husband or her son, and whether that or the English way be preferable each observer must judge for himself — according to his previous prejudices on the subject.

Socially the position of women in Madrid is changing, but the Spaniard of either sex is a realist of simple tastes, and the Spanish woman shows no desire for the extravagant luxury that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has made her foreign sister the butt of the satirist. Perhaps one reason is that the middle-class woman in Madrid has less spare time. As there is no female surplus, every girl has at least a chance of getting married, and as a result spinsterhood is rare. Families are larger than is now the case in the Anglo-Saxon countries, and the wife does more of the work of the house. Furthermore, every madrileño returns home to his lunch, and consequently her domestic duties combined with the absence of sports and games keep the Spanish woman indoors to a greater extent than is now usual elsewhere. On the other hand, if feminism is not the political force that it is in England, there are in existence regulations regarding the *accouchement* of working women of which any country in the world might be proud. National character, in effect, combines with economic forces to make Madrid as masculine as Paris and London are the reverse.

Undoubtedly the strongest Spanish institution to-day is the family, and in it lies the strength of Spain. Divorce does not exist, and even separations *a mensa et thoro* are both uncommon and regarded with aversion. It is difficult for the foreigner to understand how strong these family ties are, for in the rest of Europe they perished in the war. One feels that one is back in the world of Trollope, and in reality one is. The mother is the moving spirit in the household as in France, and the members of it think and act as a family in all things. This attitude may seem a strange one to find characteristic of the most individualistic nation in Europe, but it is not really such a paradox as may at first sight appear. To the Spaniard his family comes first, and then his town; after that his province, and only last of all his country. In his nature he possesses that anarchic strain that prevented the Arab from founding a durable polity, and like the Arab his first duty is to his family.

This conception underlies the whole social life of Madrid. There are innumerable cafés where men will drink — very moderately, for the Spaniard is no tippler — and smoke for hours at a time, but there are very few restaurants where one can obtain a meal, and such as there are do not attract many Spanish clients. The importance of the family has quite naturally led to the apotheosis of the child, and the children are the real rulers of Madrid. Every open space is their empire, and, although they may at first sight appear to be spoiled, the family life is so complete that the ensuing contact with their parents generally renders them precocious.

The social life of Madrid in other ways resembles that of any other capital save that the commercial class is small. The Royal Family moves about with far less ceremony than in London, although the Court etiquette is rigid enough on official occasions. The aristocracy has managed to retain both its influence and its wealth, and practically every family of note has an establishment in Madrid. During the months of August and September every madrileño who can afford it takes his family to San Sebastian, and for eight weeks the capital is deserted; then at the beginning of October comes the rush back, and by the end of the month Madrid is normal once more.

For some reason which it is difficult to understand the Spanish capital has never received the attention it deserves as an intellectual centre; yet few cities pay so much homage to culture of all kinds. The University was founded at Alcalá by Cardinal Cisneros, and was transferred to Madrid in 1837. To-day it can bear comparison with any other in Europe. Of course, like practically all foreign universities, it does not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enjoy the autonomy of Oxford and Cambridge, and it is a little strange to English eyes to see a general from the Military Directory presiding at the inauguration of the academic year. This is not, however, a symptom of militarism, for the general comes merely as the representative of the Government, and under the old Parliamentary régime a minister always performed this office.

Women as well as men are undergraduates, and it is interesting to note the large number of South American students who come to Madrid in the same way as the Rhodes scholars go to Oxford. In Spain all those who live south of the Rio Grande are known as 'americanos,' while the inhabitants of the United States are called 'yanquis' — a distinction that is liable to lead to confusion unless it is kept in mind. The undergraduates in Madrid find their own lodgings, and in that as in many other respects they resemble more the undergraduates of London than those of Oxford and Cambridge. Medicine is perhaps more studied in Madrid than any other subject, but all branches of learning are well represented. Indeed, the academic activity in every sphere, combined with the unfailing courtesy of the authorities toward members of foreign universities, makes one regret that the relations between the English and the Spanish seats of learning are not closer.

In addition to the universities there are numerous *Reales Academias* which deal with every aspect of human knowledge. In some ways they resemble our own Royal Societies, except that their meetings are more frequent and their lectures are less technical in their character. Some of these academies have had a continued existence of more than two centuries, and at the head of them stands the Real Academia itself, which was founded by Philip V in imitation of the Académie Française. Indeed, the Spanish Bourbons have always been patrons of the arts, whatever their merits or demerits as rulers, and King Alfonso XIII is no exception. His Majesty and the members of the Royal Family are often to be seen at the various lectures that are continually taking place, for Madrid is a city of lecturers and lectures.

Society is limited in numbers as in London a century ago, and everyone who lays any claim to culture goes to two or three lectures a week. The educated Spaniard is no great reader of books; his whole training is to give him a decided partiality for oral methods of acquiring knowledge, and even at the schools and universities the written examination is practically unknown. Consequently the type of man or woman who in England would buy an historical or scientific book and read it quietly at home in the evening would in Madrid go to one of the numerous lectures that are duly given prominence in the daily newspapers. Of course such a state of affairs is only possible in a relatively small and leisured city, but it does enable culture to be acquired under pleasant circumstances, and for that reason alone more people seek to acquire it than would probably be the case otherwise.

Ever since the days of Cervantes and Lope de Vega the capital of Spain has been a magnet for those who possessed genius or imagined that they did; and it is so to-day. London segregates in Chelsea or elsewhere its aspirants to literary or artistic fame, but in Madrid they are to be found everywhere. An English author is generally as unapproachable as the Dalai Lama himself, but in Spain the greatest genius will welcome you to a chair by his side in the café after the briefest acquaintance. Whatever may be the political future of Spain, it is impossible not to place the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most complete confidence in her intellectual renaissance, and it needs only the mention of a few names to prove it. In dramatists like Jacinto Benavente and Martinez Sierra, whose philosophy is so widely different and yet so essentially national, Spain has two writers of world-wide fame; and Muñoz Seca is proving that it is possible to give a modern comedy another interest than the pornographic.

In art Evaristo Valle — some of whose pictures were recently shown in London — has proved that the school of Goya is still vigorous, while Sancha, who has lived so long in England that he has almost become an Englishman, has few equals in his own line. In other departments of culture modern Spain can equally hold her own: Madariaga, Altamira, Azorín, are names that require no explanation, while Ibáñez and Unamuno were in the foremost rank before they were claimed by politics — ever the enemy of literature. Most typically madrileño, although he never forgets his native Estremadura, is Professor Perez-Bueno, the friend of Signor Mussolini and the Père Joseph of General Primo de Rivera, who may be well described as the philosopher of Fascismo. These men all look upon the capital as their home, and they influence its daily life.

No description of Madrid or its life can be complete without a mention of the Prado; to omit any allusion to it would indeed be *Hamlet* without the Prince. Like most other collections, it varies greatly in quality; yet it seems incredible that it should once have been offered to the British Government for a paltry fifty thousand pounds — one would like to know on what grounds so tempting a bargain was refused. At present the whole collection is being rearranged, and when that work is completed the Prado will be more than ever the real glory of Madrid.

At the present moment the Spanish capital is in a state of material and psychological transition, and in this too it is typical of Spain. The old Madrid of Pérez Galdós has vanished forever, and the new one that is rising from its ruins is not quite sure of its future. The Spaniard has not yet wholly freed himself from the effects of the reaction against the old proud claim to dictate to the world. Few nations have fallen so far or so fast as did Spain in the ninety years that elapsed between the invasion of Napoleon and the loss of the last colonies after the unsuccessful war with the United States. The Spaniard, being above all else a realist, became a skeptic, and even when things go well with him he cannot rid himself of the conviction that it is the lull before the storm. So Madrid and its life reflects this battle between hope and uncertainty in which victory is slowly inclining to the former. Every year more travelers, mostly 'americanos,' come to it, and it may well be that one day it will become the capital of a spiritual empire far wider than even its creator, the Emperor Charles, ever imagined to be possible.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

ROMANTIC UNAMUNO

THE human document is a drug on the market. Rousseau and Byron got it off to a grand start, but the combined talents of Freud and Bernarr Macfadden have degraded confessional literature into yellow journalism. So long is it since a first-rate mind has dealt really frankly with itself in print that we cannot help regarding all public introspection as necessarily vulgar.

Miguel de Unamuno is perhaps the only living exception to this excellent rule. In an article in the *Mercure de France* entitled, 'How a Novel is Made,' he analyzes himself and his work and convinces the reader that he is suffering from an attack of *Weltschmerz* in its most advanced stages.

He opens with an Exile's Lament. 'What intimate, what religious, experiences I owe to my exile and my proscription!' On account of his political convictions, Unamuno has to reside in France — a blood-curdling ordeal in itself. This is the way he describes his life in Paris.

'How horrible it is to live in a state of expectation, imagining each day what the next day may bring forth! And what it may not bring forth! I spend whole hours alone, stretched out on my solitary bed in my little hotel, — it is called a "family house," — looking at the ceiling of my room and not at the sky, dreaming of Spain's future and of mine.'

Here is a typical piece of his philosophizing: —

'I have said that all we authors and poets create ourselves in all our characters — whether we are writing history or poetry or describing people whom we believe to exist as real creatures of flesh and blood, independently of ourselves. Are not my Alfonso XIII and my Primo de Rivera as much my creations and as much part of me as any of the characters in my novels? All of us who live principally in books cannot separate historical personages from characters in poems and novels. Don Quixote is for us as real as Cervantes, if not more so. Everything for us is like a book — everything is literature. We can speak of the book of history, the book of nature, the book of the universe. We are Biblical. And we can say that in the beginning was the Book.'

Unamuno believes, for instance, that Karl Marx, through his writings, was more responsible for the Russian Revolution than was Lenin through his deeds. This obsession about books is the theme of his projected novel, the plot of which he outlines.

The hero of the story — his name is U. Jugo de la Raza, — is Unamuno himself, and he lives only in order to read. One day, walking among the bookstalls by the Seine, he picks up a novel in which he finds the following passage: 'When the reader comes to the end of this sad tale, he will die with me.'

Jugo reels; he casts the book aside, and staggers home. But the adventure weighs on his mind, and he finally determines to buy the book. When he is about to reach the conclusion, he throws it in the fire. Another copy is not to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found, and in a vain attempt to forget the whole incident he decides to travel — only to come upon the fateful volume in Italy.

This time he reads slowly, — something like the frog jumping halfway to the end of the log, — and he thinks of the Spanish novelist Valera who, going blind at the end of his life, refused to be operated on because, as he said, 'If I am operated on I may be left hopelessly blind, whereas if I am not operated on I can always live in the hope that an operation might cure me.' Although Jugo knows the fate of the hero of the story, he feels that in not finishing it he is prolonging the poor creature's existence.

But even this does not satisfy him indefinitely, for he realizes that we are all dying from moment to moment. At present, Unamuno is thinking of letting Jugo die of some disease, leaving the book unfinished.

Such is the bare structure of the proposed work; its chief interest lies in the way it reveals many of Unamuno's own ideas and peculiarities. In the course of his exposition of the plot he flies off on several tangents. He quotes liberally from the correspondence of Mazzini, with whom he feels he has much in common. He also tells of an incident that lately befell him.

As his wife, who is not a professional writer, lives in Spain with their children, a certain young Argentine lady, who is a professional writer, decided that she could comfort the suffering solitary genius. But Unamuno remembered how his wife 'saw me in a moment of supreme, abysmal anguish in the clutch of the Destroying Angel, shaken with superhuman sobs, and she cried out from her own maternal, superhuman, divine depths, throwing herself in my arms, "My child!"' This typical family scene reminded the shrewd Spaniard that the young lady from the Argentine was probably after good copy for herself and did not care so much about contributing to his own experience. In short, he would have none of her.

'But,' he philosophizes, 'the poor literary lady was only looking for what all writers, all historians, all novelists, all statesmen, all poets, are seeking — the opportunity to live forever in history and not to die. Lately I have been reading Proust, the prototype of the writer and of all solitary folk. What a tragedy solitude is! What agonized him, what permitted him to plumb the depths of the human tragedy, was his feeling of death, the death of each instant. It is with the feeling that one is dying moment by moment that he dissects with marvelous detail the corpse of his soul. *À la recherche du temps perdu.* We are always losing time. What we call saving time is really losing it. Time is tragedy.'

And so he runs on, page after page, lamenting, questioning, and introspecting. His paradoxical philosophy he sums up in the following almost meaningless sentences: 'Must I repeat my favorite expression, "the eternalization of momentariness"? My inmost inclination toward antitheses and conceits — so typically Spanish — leads me also to speak of the momentization of eternity. Nail down the wheel of time!'

*

KEYSERLING EXPLAINS

When Count Hermann Keyserling announced to his interviewer of the *Nouvelles Littéraires* that 'the reason one is able to make such pleasant contacts with people in your city is that your race has known how to preserve beautiful moral character,' he was uttering what is surely in the mind of every American visitor to the straight-laced capital of France. It may be, of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course, that the Count feels his mission in life weighing upon him a little more heavily than do our department store buyers, and he has perhaps clothed others with the raiments of virtue that he himself wears. For it is the avowed purpose of this broad-shouldered, tall philosopher to generate and transmit spiritual and intellectual energy.

The Count was born in the Esthonian forests, where he spent a lonely childhood with only animals for playmates. This Nordic Orpheus proudly confessed to his interviewer, 'Not so much as one animal ever deserted me.' The only fly in the ointment was that little Hermann's old ogre of a father did not like his son's wild companions and somehow resented the way all kinds of furred and feathered friends clustered about the lad. Untamed falcons swooped down from the tree-tops and perched on his wrist as he walked through the forest.

Keyserling confesses that as a child he detested study, and his ignorance of books made him quite different from other children. He loved Nature and hunting — his earliest ambition was to become an explorer. But the chase was not his only avocation. At the age of three he developed great aptitude in sculpture and music, and he is convinced that his success as a philosopher is largely due to his early prowess in the arts. At the age of twenty he had read nothing but a few books on exploring.

It was at this time that he went to Vienna, where he met Houston Stewart Chamberlain, an Englishman who, having written a philosophic work, had become a naturalized German citizen. The two men became fast friends, and the next year — 1903 — Keyserling moved to Paris, where he underwent 'a dolorous experience of a sentimental nature.' This left him in such a state that he immediately wrote a book on the structure of the world. From this period our young philosopher read, traveled, and meditated until he felt that his personality had at last crystallized sufficiently to allow him to embark on his *Travel Diary of a Philosopher* with a clear conscience. The chapter on India was written in North Africa, and most of the rest of the book in Biarritz, of all places. On account of the war he had to wait until 1918 before getting it into print.

The next thing he knew he was a cult, and he said to himself, 'Since I can help people, it is my duty to do so.' Hence the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt.

But let the Count explain himself.

'I became an orator because people asked me to speak. I had to do it, though hitherto I had never thought of making a speech. This gift was bestowed upon me at the very moment I needed it. My knowledge of languages is a phenomenon of the same order: I never studied a grammar; I simply learned them by listening to them as a musician would. They present no difficulty to me, because if language is part of the universe it is quite natural that anybody who is also a part of this universe should be able to speak the language of whatever country he is in at the moment. One must speak Spanish in Spain, French in France, and so forth — it is not for nothing that the language has been born there.

'The influence I exert is due to my capacity of understanding at once the nature of the person I am talking to and of knowing the exact position he occupies in the cosmos. For if a person is well adjusted to his surroundings, he prospers, but if the same person occupies a false position, though he may have the same gifts and the same capacities, he will do nothing but mischief. And this is what I call wisdom — a good adjustment, an exact, an accurate adjustment, in the cosmic order and in one's self. Then, as soon as one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has one's bearings — realization and violent action should follow.

'How does the School at Darmstadt work? It is simplicity itself. When I started it, everybody wanted me to make it a huge affair, with a big staff of stenographers. But I detest anything resembling a large administrative organization, anything that standardizes or mechanizes life. In fact, the School at Darmstadt consists simply of myself and of a single secretary. I am always accessible. People come to see me directly, but my spiritual dynamic force is so strong that no one can bear it for more than three days.'

'I believe that the only mortal sin against wisdom is discussion; because discussion is war. If you want to impose your opinion on somebody else you can argue, but if you want to learn, and, what is more, if you want to understand, you must abandon your position, you must surrender yourself, you must meditate. It is essential for something new to enter into your life. That is why argument is the one thing that I do not allow.'

One suspects the Count of being something else besides a philosopher — to us this sounds like the *apologia pro vita sua* of an unhypocritical bore.

✻

WHISTLER IN THE LOUVRE

AFTER hanging for a quarter of a century in the Luxembourg, — on its way to the more august setting, — Whistler's most famous painting, his 'Portrait of My Mother,' has at last been hung in the Louvre. It was originally acquired by the Government — which of course controls both museums — on a Parliamentary motion made by Georges Clemenceau and Léon Bourgeois, and when Whistler died in 1903 he had every reason to suppose that his work would ultimately receive consecration of the kind it now enjoys. It hangs, according to the *Quotidien*, in an illustrious group; about it are the *Homere* of Ingres, Delacroix's *Sardanapale*, Courbet's *Atelier*, and Manet's ill-starred *Olympia*.

✻

ROMAN RADIO

AMERICAN lovers of radio will be interested in reading the following daily programme broadcast from the Rome station: —

'14.15: Closing of the Exchange. Small orchestra of the Albergo Palazzo. 17 to 17.40: Stefani Telegraph Agency news. Exchange. Reading for children. 17.40 to 18.30: Jazz band of the Albergo di Russia. 20.30: Stefani news. Rates of exchange. Meteorological bulletin. 20.40: Selections from Sidney Jones's Geisha. Cast: O Mimosa San, soprano, Germana D'Ary; Juliet Diamond, soubrette, Amelia Ferruccio; Miss Molly, soprano *brillante*, Clara Brunetti; Redgy Fairfax, tenor, Federico Del Ponte; Dick Cunningham, baritone, Francesco Ferruccio; Katana, tenor, Eugenio Lodovici; Wun-ki, buffoon, Cesare Ranucci; Marquess Inari, character part, Aldo Belli; orchestra under Maestro Alberto Paoletti. Act 1. Introduction and chorus. Song of Fairfax. Cunningham's couplets. Song of Pesciolino. Kissing duetto. Melancholy song. Chorus. Finale. Act 2. Introduction. Song of Miss Molly. Duetto. Song of Juliet. Mimosa's Song. The Enchanted Sale. Chong-Kina. Romance of Katana. Finale. Act 3. Introduction. The Cruel Parrot. Comic duetto. Romance of Fairfax. Song and chorus. Couplets of Wun-ki. Final farce.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Disarmament, by Professor P. J. Baker. London: The Hogarth Press, 1926. 12*s.* 6*d.*

THIS masterly book on a timely and pressing subject is reviewed as follows by Professor Gilbert Murray in the *Manchester Guardian:* —

Professor Baker's book is dedicated 'To the Memory of my Father,' and those who remember something of the lifelong work of the late Alan Baker in the cause of peace will be glad to feel that it is continued by his brilliant son. And they will also realize, as they read this book, how far the cause has progressed since the opening of the century.

A book on disarmament, or a great mass meeting on disarmament, can now start with a quotation or a message from a Conservative Prime Minister, though that, a generation ago, would have turned the primroses a paler yellow. All well-informed people have got beyond the stage of arguing that disarmament is desirable. That is admitted. We want to get rid of armaments throughout Europe for the same reason for which a man with cancer wants to get rid of the growth. If we do not get rid of them they will kill us.

This advance is not entirely due to our increasing wisdom. It is largely due to the increase of the evil itself. Before 1870 there was nothing alarming or morbid about European armaments in general. There was no violent competition. But between 1898 and 1908 the armaments of the Great Powers were increasing, Professor Baker informs us, at the average rate of ten million a year. That was dangerous. Between 1908 and 1914 they were increasing at the rate of a hundred million a year. That was insanity. It was calculated to lead to some awful catastrophe, and it did. And after the catastrophe, with the social order still shaken and ill-nourished, we are at the same time, nation by nation, recommencing the old competition and crying out to be delivered from it.

Can we be delivered? Or must we of necessity just do as we did before? Before 1914 there was, practically speaking, no choice. Each nation had to arm because its neighbors were arming. If nations A and B sought security by being better armed than C, C must in common prudence seek security by being better armed than A and B. Individual prudence led to collective insanity. And there was no collective instrument to check the insanity.

Now there is such an instrument. The nations of Europe can meet — and have many times already met — in the committees of the League of Nations to think out plans of general simultaneous disarmament. They have not succeeded, but year by year they have got a little nearer to success. And one of the reasons which made success more difficult was the entanglement of two quite different sets of problems — the political and the technical. As long as the two are not separated it is easy for the obstructionist to take cover alternately behind technical conundrums and political inexpediences. The method of the League Preparatory Committee is simply to consider the technical problem, so that if ever the time arrives when the Governments are, on political and general grounds, ready for business complete and water-tight plans, warranted by military, naval, and aerial experts, can be laid before them. If that preliminary technical problem cannot be solved the larger political problem can hardly be broached.

Professor Baker has very special qualifications for his difficult task. He has been present, partly as secretary to Lord Robert Cecil and partly in other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capacities, at practically every international conference on disarmament which has taken place since the war. He has served on expert committees. He has discussed the main problems with the chief military authorities of Europe. Consequently he brings to this question a most exceptional, and probably unrivaled, degree of knowledge. Besides that, he has to a rare degree the gift of practical imagination. From beginning to end of the book he treats disarmament, not as an ideal or a thing to declaim about, but as an urgent practical problem, demanding a practical solution detail by detail. It needs initiative, it needs imagination, but it will not tolerate dreaming.

Mr. Baker first deals with the obvious problems presented by any scheme. How are we to compare a conscript army with a volunteer long-service army? How allow for the factor of industrial strength, or for chemical resources? How deal with the danger of new discoveries, or the possibility of secret weapons? What of the fact that a nation strictly disarmed and subject to inspection might need only a fleet of commercial airplanes and an abundant supply of some quite legitimate industrial gas to be more than equal for its equally disarmed, or even less disarmed, neighbors? And further, suppose by some elaborate system you did succeed in establishing an equality of nations allowing for all these sources of strength, is it reasonable to aim at equality by actually crippling the industrial development of nations?

Mr. Baker gives an account of various unsuccessful proposals for disarmament, including that scheme of Lord Esher's, which never had a fair chance, and then studies some that have been successful. The first of these, the Central American Disarmament Convention, had a comparatively simple problem. There was really no competition in invention going on; it was enough merely to limit the number of men. The most successful of all, that imposed by the peace treaties, started with the enormous advantage of being able to impose conditions on defeated and helpless adversaries. The disarmament which is now before Europe will be infinitely complex, and must be willingly undertaken.

Mr. Baker proceeds to separate discussions of terrestrial, naval, and aerial disarmament, and gives definite proposals for dealing with each, followed by chapters on chemical warfare, the restriction of weapons, private traffic in arms, and the right of inspection. He succeeds admirably in the aim announced in his preface — 'to show the complexity of these problems to those who think them simple, and to suggest solutions to those who think them insoluble.'

We should add that for a complete and masterly discussion of the concrete problems of disarmament there is no book in English comparable to Mr. Baker's, though Mr. Wheeler Bennett's collection of documents entitled, *The Reduction of Armaments*, forms a valuable companion to it. And his treatment is as vigorous as it is complete. He shirks no difficulty and preaches no nostrum. He is never superficial and never vague. He never lets the reader fly into that comfortable refuge for the bewildered, the doctrine that, after all, the nations can never disarm unless they trust one another, and that all will come right when there is a change of heart. Mr. Baker wants disarmament now, in the present generation, while nations and Governments are what they are. And he convinces us that, if all of us, Governments and experts and peoples, work seriously for it we shall get it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUGUST EVENTS ABROAD

AUSTRIA

Sample Fair, Gratz.

Festival Plays under leadership of Dr. Karl Muck, Max Reinhardt, Richard Strauss, and Bruno Walther, Salzburg.

BELGIUM

Commercial Fair and Colonial Exhibit, Ostend.

Aviculture Exhibition, Brussels.

Procession in the Petit Béguinage and Grand Procession of the Assumption, Ghent, August 15.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Trades Exhibit, Brno, August 1–15.

Technical Fair, Reichenberg, August 4–20.

Sample and Wood Exhibit, Bratislava, August 22–September 2.

DENMARK

Danish Fair, Fredericia, August 1–8.

ESTHONIA

Agricultural and Live Stock Show; Commercial and Industrial Exhibition; Reval.

FINLAND

Y. M. C. A. World Conference, Helsingfors, August 1–6.

FRANCE

Basque Fête, Biarritz, August 1.

Battle of Flowers, Evian-les-Bains, August 8.

Burgundy Fêtes of the Wines and Vines, Beaune, August 14–15.

Performances in the Ancient Theatre, Avignon, August 15.

Dog Show and Festival of Pyrenees Mountain Singers, Cauterets, August 15.

International Tennis, Cauterets, August 15–19.

Night Fête in Palace Gardens, Fontainebleau, August 21.

Patron Fêtes of St. Louis, Fontainebleau, August 22.

Fête of the Cyclamen, Battle of Flowers, Thonon-les-Bains, August 22.

Artistic Fête in Open-air Theatre, Cauterets, August 22.

Dog Show, Evian-les-Bains, August 22.

Shepherd's Fête, Cheylard, August 26.

Battle of Flowers, Biarritz, August 26.

Sand-building Competition, Sables-d'Olonne, August 26.

Breton Fête, Scaër, August 29.

Aeronautical Fair, Annecy, August 29.

Grand Boulevard Fair, Calais, August 29.

Horse Show, Biarritz, August 29–31.

International Regattas, Evian-les-Bains, August 29.

Tennis Tournament, Vichy, August 30–September 3.

Nautical and Breton Fêtes; Beauty Contest; Fair; at Quiberon, during August.

GERMANY

Wagner and Mozart Festivals, Munich, August 1–September 5.

South German Music Festival with three hundred bands, Schwäbisch Gmünd, August 7–9.

Illumination of Castle, Heidelberg, August 11.

Sample Fair, Königsberg, August 15–18.

Jewelry Fair, Stuttgart, August 20–24.

Textile Fair, Hamburg, August 22–24.

Shepherds' Race, Markgroeningen, August 24.

Textile Sample and Leipzig Fairs, Leipzig, August 28–September 4.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

Regatta, Cowes, August 1.

Welsh National Eisteddfod, Swansea, August 2–7.

Horse Show, Dublin, August 2–7.

Automobile Racing, Brooklands, August 2.

British Association for Advancement of Science Meeting, Oxford, August 4–11.

Cricket, England *vs.* Australia, London, August 18 on.

ITALY

Sample Fair, Naples, August 16–30.

JUGOSLAVIA

Sample Fair, Zagreb, August 15–23.

Motor, Agricultural, and Radio Show, Zagreb, August 24–26.

RUSSIA

Agricultural Show, Moscow.

Fair, Nijni Novgorod.

SPAIN

Sample Fair, Gijon.

SWEDEN

Trades Exhibit. Malmo, August 2–8.

SWITZERLAND

International Aero Meet, Zurich, August 13–22.

International Boy Scout Conference, Kandersteg, August 22.

World Power Conference, Basel, August 31–September 12.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARY CHRISTMAS

An Armenian Pedler of the Maine Coast

THE poetic appeal of this little story is very persuasive. There is all the romance of beauty and strangeness in the figure of the Armenian pedler woman who brings to the little Maine villages a breath from another world. Consider the natural wonder of children whose furthest personal vision is limited by Portland, when they talk with someone who has lived in the oldest country in the world, who has come from the Garden of Eden, has looked at Mount Ararat and confesses to have touched with her own hand wood that came from the Ark!

This is a story of time and place. Today when motor cars seek out the smallest villages and the least known roads, there can be little of the wonder of strangeness which Mary Christmas brought with her, but even in the nineties distance still held and a Maine village was remote. Of course it is the poetry and passion, the veritable spirit of the woman herself which makes her unique. She comes into the Westcott family life after Mr. Westcott has prevented her arrest. An Armenian in those quiet villages at that time brought with her the feeling of suspicion. The bodice laced with gold, the gold coins at her ears, the red kerchief over her head, made her unique and therefore suspicious. Father Westcott rescued her and she first came to the Westcott house filled with gratitude and bearing strange gifts from this distant world out of which she had come to them.

Mary Christmas's personality, her gifts, the strange and wonderful tales she told, made the Westcott children look eagerly for her return, and as June followed June she became definitely interwoven with their growing ideas of life. They stored up questions to ask her. They listened to the tales of her own sufferings at the hands of the Turks, and of the two children, Raphael and Mary, waiting in Erzerum till their mother should have earned money to bring them to America, and all the while they fell more and more under her magnetic spell. When Mary Christmas's children did come and they saw the boy Raphael in his American clothes, with the American slang he had picked up, and his distaste of all the Old World customs which meant so much to his mother, they were grown enough to be sorry and to hope that Mary Christmas would never see her boy as they saw him. Delicately and poignantly the Armenian woman becomes woven into the dearest moments of their lives. There is something compelling as well as poetic about the contact, and the threads persist so that she literally touches with magic the lives of this simple New England family who have come to know and love her. A wistful charm of personality and a mellow appreciation of living combine to make her little chronicle unusual.

D.L.M. in the Boston Transcript

MARY CHRISTMAS by MARY ELLEN CHASE

$1.50 at all booksellers or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOKSHOP

8 Arlington Street, Boston

REPRODUCED BY BIZUM.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A remodeled house - House Beautiful

A bargain indeed!

The House Beautiful

5 months for $ 1.00

15 " " 3.00

24 " " 4.00

The House Beautiful 8 Arlington St. Boston.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $ ____ for ____ months subscription.

Name _____

Address _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

L.A. 7-3-20